



THE  
MAID  
OF  
KENT.

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Le faux est toujours fade, ennuyeux, languissant :  
Mais la nature est vraie, et d'abord on la sent.

BOILEAU.

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THE

MAID OF KENT.

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PART OF A MUTILATED LETTER FROM  
MY FATHER TO DOCTOR PHILPOT.

“AND I have had two more especial  
“ reasons for this peculiar education of my  
“ son.

“ As to the first, had I circumvented  
“ his early attachment with the stern be-  
“ haviour of the generality of parents,  
“ alarmed and irritated, on the thoughts  
VOL. II. B “ of

“ of degrading his station and pretensions,  
 “ I should have effectually turned his ge-  
 “ nerous sentiments into a groveling, for-  
 “ did, self enjoyment.

“ He would have triumphed in his su-  
 “ perior rank, and the object of his passion  
 “ would have fallen a passive sacrifice to  
 “ his pursuit.

“ Then all the vices would have rushed  
 “ upon him — the moral ties of his con-  
 “ duct would have been dissolved, and his  
 “ youthful passions would have floated  
 “ down the ocean of modern debauchery.

“ He has now a plan to pursue which  
 “ will exercise every tender impression,  
 “ and call forth all his virtue to bring to  
 “ perfection.

“ If he succeeds, what will not be the  
 “ approbation of the wise and the good?  
 “ As to the world, to the vulgar, the  
 “ foolish, and the vain, we will spurn at  
 “ their reproaches, and trace out new  
 “ maxims of happiness.

“ This

“ This I am certain of — by my gene-  
 “ rous and vigilant conduct I have secured  
 “ his confidence and virtue — but from  
 “ whence these sentiments ? — From you,  
 “ dear Doctor—from you I have learnt the  
 “ ripe duties of a parent—and I have now  
 “ had experience to find their value in ad-  
 “ ministering the same discretionary tuition  
 “ to my child.

“ I have examined Edward on the first  
 “ impressions which he had received of the  
 “ tender passion for the daughter of Un-  
 “ derwood—there was reason to apprehend  
 “ a change—Absence and the gay flutter  
 “ of life — strong incentives, you know, to  
 “ supersede the incautious sentiments of a  
 “ boy just bursting from the shell of child-  
 “ hood — but he has reasoned upon his  
 “ choice — there is a powerful stimulus of  
 “ honour in his nature.

“ Miss Cornwall, I had reason to think,  
 “ was the rival of our little *élève* — attrac-  
 “ tion in every feature of her manner and  
 “ person—fortune and connections—pre-  
 “ ference too, I have reason to say—these

“ are great incentives—but Edward is firm  
“ in his first impressions.

“ You well know how often we have  
“ reasoned on the necessity of giving the  
“ spirit of knight errantry to a young man  
“ of a good heart and intellects.

“ However whimsical this epithet may  
“ appear at first view, there is more serious  
“ truth couched under it than the superfi-  
“ cial observer of human nature may at  
“ first sight discover.

“ Youth will always have a spirit of  
“ enterprise — we are then justly to be  
“ called Quixots on our entry into life;  
“ and though we may not, in our distem-  
“ pered notions of chivalry, make our at-  
“ tacks on castles, giants, and windmills,  
“ there are still objects of a nature full as  
“ preposterous on which we may exert our  
“ prowess.

“ But if in the pursuit of a dulcina, there  
“ is virtue for its basis. If the mind of  
“ youth can be averted from more criminal  
“ mal

“ mal courses, and steadily fixed in the more  
 “ innocent, to which experience and sagacity  
 “ has invited it, and more especially  
 “ when the first principles of the youthful  
 “ moment has pure nature for its agent,  
 “ then the parent will triumph over the  
 “ impurity and guilt of those courses, in  
 “ which the generality of the youth of the  
 “ present age are perpetually rushing.

“ Farther experience must justify the  
 “ truth of our plans—all is well hitherto—  
 “ but we must still, with patience and hu-  
 “ mility, think with Solon in his famed an-  
 “ swer to the prosperous royalty of Cræsus,  
 “ ‘ wait the end of things.’

“ P. S. Should be glad to see  
 “ you as soon as possible in Har-  
 “ ley Street.”

DOCTOR PHILPOT'S SENTIMENTS ON A  
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EDUCATION,  
AND AN EARLY INTRODUCTION INTO  
LIFE, IN ANSWER TO MY FATHER'S  
LETTER.

ON the immediate receipt of your letter, I threw my pipe into the fire, reached my porte folio, and wetted my old pen.

I rejoice to find Edward is steady in his principles—Metaphysically speaking, something, perhaps, may be placed to a natural good heart, and a constitutional firmness of resolution—I believe with you, that all is hitherto well—and one thing convinces me we were both right in our plan of training.

His morals are not corrupted by his early introduction into life—with know-  
ledge



ledge he is not tainted with the vices of the age—in this we triumph.

Had you adopted the plan of Lady Hales—the private education which I have always condemned as an effeminate system—his mind would have derived no energy, from the narrow confines of his own family, to withstand the frequent onset of worldly trial. The mind of youth must, in some respects, be left to its own powers.

I must deliver my sentiments more closely, being led to conclude, from a survey of the past, we may be able to divine the good effects of the future.

It has been often alledged, that good example can be always presented before a youth under the immediate inspection of a private tuition. This I deny.

Vice, like pestilential disorders which exale from an Asiatic fen, is contagious to youth, when confined from the free air of public life.

It is action which will be more likely to repel the danger of this contagion, than with the secluded life of a hermit, rapt in contemplation over the lives of primitive saints, or criminal converts.

Can virtue spring from the inanimate clod, with no opposite passion of the heart? Compare the virtue of an effeminate and sequestered youth, with the virtue of him who is delivered over to the bustle of a public career.

Suspicion follows the theoretical system of the one, while decision is always preceding the practical system of the other. With suspicion, inclination totters—moral advice has lost its genuine efficacy, because it has not been opposed with obvious precept.

The outward actions of a youth, in the moments of recreation, study, converse with his associates, furnish grounds for an early intimation of the heart and principle. On this the sagacious friend must build the superstructure of education.

Survey



Survey the boy fondled at home, cooped up under the restraint of private instruction — no competitor of skill, either in the graver study, or the lighter ornamental qualities of the mind ; his talent flumbers, and his moral principles are concealed till the chances or vicissitudes of life call them into action.

Novelty, in this case, will fasten on the heart ; and at a period of life when, perhaps, the passions are more strong, he is insensibly hurried on to vice and intemperance.

But you will say a private education may be less subject to bad example. This I deny—contamination may be found in the climate of his own family — reverberating sounds from his own roof will impress his rising fancies with a variety of criminal disorders—the human mind is susceptible by nature—it will be in vain to note the influence—it will only lay dormant until mature age and the advantage of the world brings it into action, and then it will but too often take the current headlong.

It has been observed, that continual good precept will mould our nature into habits of moral virtue. True, when youth is designed for inactive spheres ; but this species of culture will always be found inimical to bustle and worldly enterprise ; and the youth will never rise to equality of competition.

Let him slip early into life ; let him view the contrast of virtue and vice ; if he has talent and genius, he will most assuredly fasten on the former in preference to the latter ; and should he, by a kind of surprise, fall into a temporary course of promiscuous pleasure ; there is no fatality to be apprehended ; honour will soon recover him from this delusion, and his return from error will then be more signalised.

From these sentiments I have collected a full approbation of Edward's public plan of education, and his early introduction on the theatre of men and manners.

His attachment has evidently moulded his heart to gentle and delicate impressions ;  
it

it has amended and humanised the stern principles of original evil. It, doubtless, verifies the adage of the old frolicsome poet,

*"Atque animos placida contudit arte feros,"*

Fierce passions calm and humanise the soul.

My sister Gordon repeats her eulogia of Fanny. I find you have written to several English acquaintance at Paris to visit them; and I find, by her report, that she will be an ornament to the first line of domestic engagement.

She has had the advantage of the best masters; and her English acquaintance will cultivate her natural taste for reading, and the study of her native language.

But after all, I must still confess, that the poor girl makes a great sacrifice to the ties of family affection. Mrs. Gordon has noted much filial piety in her nature—a great argument of her sensibility and integrity of heart.

You know it has been my firm, fixed opinion, that nature is the basis of human acquirement, and of those elegancies which compleat the character of the truly liberal and expansive soul. We may do much, but nature gives the original germe; yet I readily make this concession, that we, doubtless, receive, by habit and commixture with our equals, a system of thought which influences our manners, and compleats a kind of coalition of sentiment which is never to be found among our inferiors. Wherefore we have, doubtless, taken the best method possible to introduce this child of nature among the most polished of our acquaintance. The time is now approaching for the last scene of our drama—my apprehension is only fixed on worldly prejudice — this our sagacity must endeavour to combat.

I am rejoiced at your plan of keeping Lady Hales an utter stranger to the situation of our little maid of Kent—in this I augur a future success—the minds of the sex are more governed by appearances, than by the hidden arcana of more substantial motives.

motives. There may, perhaps, be various exceptions; but I have generally found their prejudices dissipated by this species of imposing influence.

You have said nothing of the Jekylls in your letter. It would be as well, perhaps, to give me a line on their town arrangements; possibly we may, in this instance, contrive a plan to remove your embarrassment—there is no accounting for the views of Lady Hales—and how to counteract the plan which she proposes for the union of Sophia with young Jekyll, may, perhaps, exceed our policy. The combination of her views on Edward will be defeated by his own natural predilections and aversions—in this we have no fears.

I have some things to order in my parish which will arrest my attention a few days; after which I shall obey your summons for town, when, I conjecture, measures are to be taken for Edward's grand tour—till then

*VALE.*

P. S. You

P. S. You have heard my sentiments on the nature of foreign travel—I shall not dissuade you from the plan, because you have given his mind a turn to this kind of parental indulgence—let him go—but do not propose to yourself that he can possibly derive any solid advantage from it—it may amuse, and give him a kind of flexible demeanor, which, as Shakespeare says, (though of a more versatile and light character than my friend Edward)

“ A kind of yesty complexion

“ Which passes thro’ the winowed opinion of men.”

Foreign travel can only be productive of real utility to a young man of rank and fortune, when his experience has rendered his mind on a par with the generality of the world; and even then, I believe, if the truth was fairly investigated, pleasure and change of scene constitute the real motive of their emigration.

Why should Britons be made a compound of the French, German, and the  
Italians?



Italians? Is not solid sense and accute discrimination to be found in our island, without the trouble of fetching it from abroad? Believe me, dear Baronet, there is no such thing under Heaven as the possibility of improving a real native English gentleman by foreign travel.

THE

THE MATRIMONIAL PLOT FOLLOWED  
BY GREAT EMBARRASSMENT.

**G**REAT reciprocity in our acquaintance with the Cornwall family had excited the marked displeasure of Lady Jekyll; nor was Lady Hales so much prepossessed in this family attachment as my father. In the first place, the antient intimacy of Sir Simon with Mr. Cornwall — at the same school — same standing at the University — My own attachment to his son had thrown the election of friendship into my father's scale; and though it may appear undutiful and censorious in the assertion, yet the fact was, Lady Hales was never in strict coalition with her husband's sentiments — his preferences were too often her aversions. •

Besides, two objects conspired to render my mother less sociable with the Cornwalls than my father. The first was, her views in  
the



the Jekyll family, to bring about a matrimonial connection with me or Sophia; the second, her rooted dislike to Mr. Cornwall's sister—arising from this lady's penetration, worldly consistancy and sagacity, and who could never be overawed by my mother's frigidity and haughty demeanor. Of this Lady Jekyll was the reverse; she had implicit confidence in my mother's superior knowledge, fashion, and family pretension — to which she always yielded her most devoted and supple *obeisance*; and as these families had each a separate plot machinated for immediate action, jarring interests would doubtless arise.

A jarring interest, indeed, of a more particular nature, influenced the breast of Lady Hales, which threatened greatly the happiness of my father's town residence.

The partiality of Miss Cornwall in my favour had evidently been observed by her ladyship; and as several marked gallantries on my side had also been displayed before her, when I found myself in the company of this amiable young lady, my mother

ther seemed inclined to oppose any serious overtures which might naturally be supposed to arise from it.

Frequent suggestions had reached my ear—on the poverty of the family—that Mr. Cornwall had purchased his return to Parliament by an exorbitant canvass—a canvass which had drained his finances to the lowest ebb—that he was therefore very naturally inclined to favour an approach from my side to his daughter; and hence it might be reasonably inferred, that every art would be practised to accelerate an union.

The force of these sentiments I, doubtless, acquiesced in. It was apparent, that old Cornwall had raised similar expectations; and the assiduity of the aunt evidently bordered on the family hopes of this desirable event.

Here then was placed her anxiety. She dreaded this connection—wealth was the prime object of her heart—Miss Jekyll's riches were immense—the brother had an equal

equal portion of fortune to bestow on Sophia — but the little favour which the young folks seemed to discover hitherto for each other was not a pleasing reflection for Lady Hales; and thus it was natural to conclude, she would endeavour to sever that cordiality which subsisted between us and the Cornwalls.

Having received, at a moment's privacy, over our morning tea, her shrewd suggestions on Miss Cornwall's *tendre*, I frankly told her, that I had only indulged in the common forms of gallantry with this young lady; and I therefore pledged my honour, that all matrimonial views were distant from my thoughts.

She was satisfied with my assertion, yet I thought resolved to play the spy on my motions; and as I had not formed a plan contradictory to my declaration, I felt myself perfectly unconcerned at the suspicion which I entertained.

In her presence, some few days after this  
inter-

interview, I received a letter—the contents were as follow :

“ I tremble in taking up my pen—my  
 “ confusion gives me inexpressible pain—  
 “ delicacy and decorum harrow up the  
 “ feelings of my sex—but while I con-  
 “ demn this overture of a woman’s weak-  
 “ nefs, my soul is low sunk in misery.

“ Surely, Sir, the generous heart will  
 “ extend its compassion ; and if an equal  
 “ share of tenderness does not take posses-  
 “ sion of it, the honour of a gentleman  
 “ will shield a woman’s fame from injury  
 “ and censure.

“ Spare my breast the throb of anguish  
 “ in filling my paper with those senti-  
 “ ments on which the tender heart could  
 “ dwell with an eternity of rapture. If  
 “ your breast has placed any value on the  
 “ contents of this letter, suffer me to hear  
 “ from your lips that return which you  
 “ think it merits.

“ But, perhaps—perhaps—

“ In

“ In short, my happiness is now staked  
 “ on this overture — my generous heart  
 “ would have sworn with insufferable an-  
 “ guish, if I had not divulged them.

“ AMELIA CORNWALL.

“ P.S. My aunt will accompany  
 “ me to Ranelagh this evening —  
 “ I shall be in the third box from the  
 “ orchestra, to the left of the entrance  
 “ from the lobby.”

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When I had perused this letter Lady Hales observed an agitation in my countenance. She questioned me; but I made no reply, and shortly after left the room.

My intention was fixed to accept of the assignation — I considered it as a requisition for an overture — a respect due to this amiable young lady required it. I was also determined to open my heart — to make known to her my engagement with Fanny: yet, with all these stubborn sentiments of virtue,

tue, a mixture of gallantry had a share in my resolution.

The vanity of youth heated — the conquest which I had obtained — beauty and female accomplishments — the envy of all the pretty fellows of fashion were now at my mercy — sentiments which affected my breast with delight, and which could not be effectually superseded by the stern principles of any philosophical rubric.

When the evening came I ordered my *vis-à-vis*, and about ten I entered the room. I soon singled out the box, and there I beheld my lovely captive. What emotions now seized on my feelings! a trembling hesitation made me approach the box—I bowed to the aunt—She rose—Miss Cornwall looked an undiscrivable confusion — her eyes, abashed, were afraid to encounter mine — a natural meekness had taken possession of her.

Mr. Cornwall's sister proposed to leave us for a few minutes, to find her brother and his son, who were in the room.

This



This I considered as a plan to afford us an opportunity for the tender moment of privacy.

Our embarrassment was somewhat relieved by the introduction of the tea, which Miss Cornwall prepared to pour out—but her trembling and delicate hand could not obey its office. I was alarmed—the colour had forsaken her face—it was recalled again into her cheeks with a crimson suffusion.

I had pondered on an overture—several times repeated the name of Miss Cornwall, but utterly unable to proceed—I had no words—my utterance silenced by the conflict.

Thus seated opposite to each other, while both seemed perfectly sensible of the contending passions of the heart, there was no language but the eyes which could discover the tumult within us.

In this interesting situation I was surprised to observe Sir Simon at a little distance in the room, in close chat with Mr. Cornwall; and greatly to increase it, to see  
them

them followed by a good round party of our acquaintance — Lady Hales in confab with Mr. Cornwall's sister — the Jekylls, mother, daughter, and son — and young Cornwall by the side of my sister Sophia.

The party thus moved forward towards our box — their eyes soon noticed us — the Jekylls curiously observative — looks of more than ordinary significance — apparent fore-knowledge of the spot — the aunt squinting sagaciously, and whispering her ladyship.

Miss Cornwall, with timidity, asked if we should join them.

My apprehensions were rising — the situation I was discovered in, critical — to brave it with the demeanor of vivacity and unconcern repugnant to the present state of my mind — My resolution fled me — my senses hurried and bewildered in conjecture.

I had no intimation of Sir Simon and Lady Hales's intention of visiting Ranelagh;



high; and the circumstance of the aunt joining the party and leaving us, served to strengthen a surmise that some design might have entered into the plan of this appointment.

Affections of the heart are soon alarmed when we suspect an artful interference on the side of interested views.

I could not accuse Miss Cornwall of any similar negotiation; but it seemed too obvious that she had been made the tool of her family; and, perhaps, her letter might have been the result of some deliberation to prevail on me to open myself on the subject of the wished-for plan of matrimony.

However strong appearances might be, this was only conjecture, and my feelings had gained no decisive shock.

The timidity in my countenance, the hesitation in my manner, served at once to confirm her that my heart must have received an equal impression.

But I was resolved to speak.

“ Your influence, Miss Cornwall, is very  
 “ signalised. I submit to your power ; but  
 “ I fear there is no remedy for my affliction.  
 “ To impart the agony of my mind  
 “ would be rapture, if I had freedom in  
 “ my heart ; but while I am thus permitted  
 “ to admire, I am interdicted the gratification  
 “ of harbouring any prospect of  
 “ happiness.

“ Absence has not diminished the attractions  
 “ of her to whom my heart has vowed a constant  
 “ obligation. I am bound, Miss Cornwall, to”——

I now observed this delicate creature to cast an eye of inquisitive impatience—the ashy semblance of a spirit had overspread her countenance.

“ Who is the beloved ?” her tremulous lips repeated—“ And your letter too !”

“ Who is the beloved ?” she again faltered. “ My brother once told me of an

“ attachment — Oh, Mr. Hales, where has  
 “ been my delusion ? ” — The only words  
 she repeated, and she sunk down lifeless.

At this instant I called an attendant.

The company in flocks pressed around  
 us — Miss Cornwall was recognised — our  
 situation made public — our friends soon  
 approached — she recovered in my arms —  
 my tenderness and attentions discovered to  
 Sir Simon and Lady Hales the interest  
 which I took in her health.

Her indisposition required her to return  
 home. Mr. Cornwall, his sister, and son,  
 accompanied her.

Under the most painful sensations I took  
 my leave — sensations of a complicated na-  
 ture — the most afflicting to a generous  
 mind, when accompanied by innocence,  
 under the semblance of deceit and dis-  
 honour.

With a disordered and uncollected coun-  
 tenance I soon joined my family.

The impressions which this adventure had made were, doubtless, alarming to the confidence my father had reposed in me, as also an evident appearance of a fracture of promise with my mother.

This confusion was increased by the request of my father to accompany him to a box apart. I noted an unusual agitation in his looks before he thus addressed me :

“ You have now the convincing proof  
 “ of the influence of a fine woman. The  
 “ charms of the sex are not so soon van-  
 “ quished by assertions. You had no  
 “ chance, Edward, but to fly. However,  
 “ we must do as well as we can now the  
 “ affair is settled. Old Cornwall must  
 “ shake hands with me on the ties of kin-  
 “ dred.

“ But I confess I had but little thoughts  
 “ that our old friendship would have  
 “ turned so suddenly into family compact.

“ She is a fine girl, but not a sixpence.  
 “ I have just heard his family statement—  
 “ his

“ his last election has ruined his family—  
 “ thrown completely on the Minister’s  
 “ bounty, unless some of our Kentish  
 “ estates can raise him once more to inde-  
 “ pendance.

“ A very seasonable match, indeed ;  
 “ and if young Cornwall should take it in  
 “ his head to match with Sophy, the fa-  
 “ mily compact will then be firmly set-  
 “ tled.

“ But what shall we do with the young  
 “ shepherdes?—We must not desert the  
 “ poor girl—What will Fanny say to all  
 “ this?”

Here I interrupted him, and desired he  
 would be particular—more explicit—  
 begged he would relate to me what had  
 passed between him and Mr. Cornwall.

“ You have promised marriage to Miss  
 “ Cornwall, Edward—she has it under  
 “ your hand writing.”

Astonishment!—I had written no letter—

“ Nay, nay, Edward ; let not disguise  
“ save your confusion”——

Disguise ! — Sir, I scorn——

Why the privacy of your meeting her  
to-night ? ’Tis a strong argument of your  
“ attachment — but the letter, Edward—  
“ can you deny it ?”

I do, Sir.

“ To detect you in falsity, would be a  
“ death wound to the tender feelings of a  
“ parent—Must I believe you, Edward ?”

My life on my word, Sir.

I shewed my father Miss Cornwall’s letter ; and I related to him my intentions of making a generous sacrifice of her partiality to my person, in favour of Fanny Underwood. But to this he did not assent with his usual implicit confidence in my veracity.

A week past, and my father’s coldness  
continued



continued—at last, determined to know the reasons for his reserve—I demanded the cause with much energy.

Fixing his eyes sternly upon me, he told me there was a letter under my hand, with a promise of marriage to Miss Cornwall, that had come to his sight. To this I gave a peremptory denial, and gave my father the most unequivocal proofs of my innocence, by assuring him that I should that moment set off to the Cornwalls, and demand a sight of the letter.

Mr. Cornwall was stern and authoritative in his advance to me. His usual manner, frank and cordial; but he was now reserved and haughty—I felt my pride alarmed, and I met him on the same principle of a distant demeanor.

“ I am informed, Sir, that you have declared having in your possession a letter of mine to Miss Cornwall, which intimates a promise of marriage. I must beg the sight of this letter. It is a for-  
C 4 gery,

“ gery, and contrived to injure me in your  
“ esteem.”

Mr. Cornwall in reply :

“ Take care, Sir ; there is a coincidence  
“ of circumstances which may probably  
“ alarm your present effrontery.

“ To unite my daughter to the son of  
“ my old friend, was, I confess, the glory  
“ of my heart ; but no compulsion. With  
“ your change of sentiments you shall,  
“ doubtless, stand liberated from every  
“ engagement ; but at the same time, as a  
“ sense of honour and becoming family  
“ pride impel me to restore the son of Sir  
“ Simon Hailes to his freedom, I must still  
“ regard the happiness of my child with  
“ the jealous eye of a tender parent.

“ What reparation is there in your  
“ power for the wrongs you have done  
“ her ? Have you not engaged her affec-  
“ tions ? Can you deny the personal pre-  
“ ferences shewn to her ? Is not the world  
“ apprised of your engagement ? — To  
“ sport



“ sport with her affections, Sir — to flatter  
 “ an attachment, and then to break with a  
 “ sudden fickleness of temper without pro-  
 “ vocation. Though the council of friends  
 “ may have had its effect, it has not  
 “ screened you from my resentment.

“ Do you deny the letter, Sir ? — Incre-  
 “ dible conduct ! — The fair report of  
 “ your integrity — your honour — for Hea-  
 “ ven’s sake, Mr. Hales, recover yourself.

“ Did you not give Amelia the meeting  
 “ at Ranelagh ? Has not every individual  
 “ particular of your conduct arisen to the  
 “ substance of a belief that you had made  
 “ honourable addresses to my daughter ?”

My reply :

“ Whatever appearances may be, I still  
 “ assert my honour and my word — the  
 “ letter is not mine. I place my life on  
 “ my word ; and though it distresses me to  
 “ the very heart to be obliged thus to re-  
 “ ply to a superiority of years, I must jus-  
 “ tify

“ tify my own conduct in the face of the  
“ grayest experience”——

Your accusation is false.

“ I venerate the person of Mr. Corn-  
“ wall, but I also respect my own cha-  
“ racter.

“ Amelia, Sir—Excuse my entering in-  
“ to particulars—I would convince you of  
“ my regard, but — Indeed I would not  
“ excite your resentment—I am falsely ac-  
“ cused.”

I now felt myself uncommonly agitated  
—Mr. Cornwall still, with a stern counte-  
nance, waited an expostulation.

But I felt unable to proceed——

He now produced the letter——

“ There, Sir ; think not I am so base or  
“ fordid as to retain your signature for a  
“ court of justice.

“ If your honour is blackened by your  
“ disavowal”——

“ If

“ If my honour”—I repeated his words briskly, and casting my eye immediately on the hand writing, which was to the following effect :

“ MY DEAREST AMELIA,

“ I find the world are busy and meddling—Our names are made the topic of discourse in the circle of our friends. They must not talk without reason ; and that public hearsay may be better founded, I ardently wish for an avowal of your sentiments.

“ You here know mine — haunted by the fairest face of perfect beauty, I am a wretch in your absence — that empire you must have skill and ingenuity to discern — perhaps I may be too vain when I rehearse the sentiments of mutual sympathy, and suggest that I am not ill received in your good opinion. Oh that I could induce you to bestow a more tender appellation !

“ Will these my sentiments excite in

“ you the wished-for epithet which I aspire  
 “ to? Will the effusions of my heart be  
 “ received with favour, rewarded with an  
 “ equal return? Heavens, what do I  
 “ risque!—eternal happiness—miserable  
 “ suspense!—Hope—trembling distrust—  
 “ in my heart I must declare the agony  
 “ which oppresses it.

“ Amelia Cornwall is adored by Ed-  
 “ ward Hales. His hand will lead her to  
 “ the altar of consecrated bliss. His for-  
 “ tune, his expectations are devoted to her  
 “ happiness.

“ Ah! will Amelia refuse—the thought  
 “ shivers my heart with a deadly panic—

“ I wait the decree with unutterable im-  
 “ patience—I shall not wait your answer  
 “ by letter, but hope to receive it by a  
 “ look, a word. Writing was made for  
 “ distant lovers. What immense rapture  
 “ in beholding the object of our adora-  
 “ tion, and hearing the pleasing sentence  
 “ from her lips.

“ I shall

“ I shall be at Ranelagh to-night—the  
 “ third box from the orchestra—to the left  
 “ of the entrance from the lobby—there I  
 “ shall wait, in trembling expectation, the  
 “ reward or punishment which Amelia  
 “ Cornwall will pronounce on

“ EDWARD HALES.”

Astonishment!—I read the real sentiments of my heart—sentiments in which I could have delighted with an immensity of transport, had I the freedom of indulging them—I rose from my seat—suppressed the pulsation. The effort—the struggle was great.

“ If your honour is blackened by your  
 “ disavowal”——

I had never before been exposed to such rigorous suggestion. But I addressed him with calmness—with a deep and pointed respect.

“ Mr. Cornwall, I do disavow this writing;  
 “ ing; but I acknowledge the force of  
 “ those

“ those sentiments which the unknown in-  
 “ terpreter has had skill enough to divine,  
 “ as the true state of my heart. It shall  
 “ not be my part to surmise at the artful  
 “ inventor of this forgery ; but as the pre-  
 “ sent moment seems favourable for a frank  
 “ declaration of my conduct, I shall not  
 “ hesitate, before I take my leave, to speak  
 “ in the most unreserved manner. This is  
 “ all I can do under the imputation of any  
 “ dishonourable conduct in your family.

“ Know then, time, opportunity, and  
 “ other favourable circumstances have ren-  
 “ dered your daughter amiable in my eyes;  
 “ nor was it till the recollection of an ear-  
 “ lier attachment that I suspected my visits  
 “ in your family might give colour for  
 “ supposing that I had views of a matrimo-  
 “ nial connection in it. In this I have to  
 “ lament the common mode of prefixing a  
 “ serious engagement to those young peo-  
 “ ple, whom the mere ties of acquaintance  
 “ or family intimacy may have drawn to-  
 “ gether.

“ With Miss Cornwall I should have  
 “ been



“ been happy, if I had not before experi-  
 “ enced a prepossession which my honour  
 “ binds me to, and which absence may,  
 “ perhaps, by removing the object, some-  
 “ what have lessened its influence.”

Before I took my leave a thought struck me, that the letter I received for the appointment at Ranelagh was also a forgery to ensnare me into an avowal of a reciprocal attachment; and begging the use of pen, ink, and paper, I enveloped the letter to his daughter, requesting her answer to the truth of its originality.

In a few minutes the lovely Amelia entered the room under the greatest possible agitation of spirits—pale and trembling—she was in a white muslin undress robe—her hair floating in ringlets on her shoulders—her looks cast on the ground, and presenting the letter which I enclosed to her, she thus spoke :

“ Mr. Hales, this letter is not of my  
 “ writing. We have both been cruelly  
 “ and artfully betrayed.”

When

When Mr. Cornwall heard this declaration, he instantly told her of my denial of the letter to her.

The greatest indignation on her countenance was now visible.

To be exposed—the public talk—to have her name, by unfounded report, united to a man whom she secretly admired, yet who had now given the death wound to her hopes, excited in her breast the most conflicting sentiments.

The only mitigation for the pain she felt was to retire ; and casting the most plaintive look of distress upon me, with a gentle bend of her body she left the room.

Mr. Cornwall, convinced of my innocence, his own mind unusually agitated, begged of me to take some chocolate.

By a kind of fascination I was riveted to my chair. I welcomed his invitation.

“ I now apologise, Mr. Hales, for an  
“ hasty

“ hasty decision; but you must allow,”  
 says he, “ that I had great cause for my  
 “ unquietness. ’Tis true the explanation  
 “ has somewhat calmed me, but I am far  
 “ from having regained my peace of mind.  
 “ This affair will prove an insurmountable  
 “ injury to my dear Amelia’s fortune.  
 “ You must pardon me, when I now speak  
 “ in open terms. Your frequent visits of  
 “ intimacy here have kept many young  
 “ gentlemen of rank and fortune from  
 “ paying their addresses to her; nor has it  
 “ been from one acquaintance only that I  
 “ have been congratulated with an ap-  
 “ proaching union with my daughter.  
 “ How will this affair now terminate?—  
 “ the world will, doubtless, believe that  
 “ you have engaged her affections; and  
 “ few young men would wish to take that  
 “ woman by the hand whose heart is not  
 “ also at her disposal.

“ Believe me, Sir, I must always con-  
 “ sider you as the author of her future mis-  
 “ fortunes, and of the great trouble which  
 “ I now experience.

“ I will

“ I will readily admit, that you have  
 “ innocently been the cause of this cala-  
 “ mity ; but it surely behoves you to ren-  
 “ der equity, as far as it lies in your  
 “ power.”

The effect of this short address struck an anguish to the very bottom of my soul—I was on the point of a surrender—my attachment to Fanny was flitting before me like a vision of the night.

To involve Mr. Cornwall’s family in distress—the beautiful Amelia—our old friendship to cease——

On either side, preponderating the ties of the heart, the binding engagement of honour, the balance seemed suspended on the minutest point. Critically influenced by an equal conflict of sentiment, I knew not where to fly for council, and I was delivered up to the most mournful condition of sorrow.

Mr. Cornwall well noted the state of my mind. “ Sir,” says he, “ I shall leave  
 “ this

“ this unhappy affair to your resolutions.  
 “ I can only say, since you have espoused  
 “ the opposite side of my inclinations,  
 “ which these untoward circumstances  
 “ have rendered so unsatisfactory, that our  
 “ acquaintance has proved the bane and  
 “ misfortune of my family.

“ I understand you have informed Ame-  
 “ lia that your choice is fixed on another  
 “ lady.

“ Sir Simon and Lady Hales may aspire,  
 “ perhaps to a more exalted partner for  
 “ you—in fortune and rank superior”——

The acute pain of my feelings obliged  
 me to interrupt him.

“ The severe state of my mind, Mr.  
 “ Cornwall, will not allow me to make  
 “ you, at this moment, a proper reply—  
 “ Suffer me to retire—I am disconcerted  
 “ —perplexed—your words have made  
 “ the strongest impression.”

I was now rising to take my leave, when  
 the

the postman knocked at the door—a packet of letters were delivered—One of them, with a foreign post mark, caught my eye—it was directed to Miss Cornwall—Mr. Cornwall ejaculated a surprise—his daughter had no correspondence on the Continent.

Judge of my astonishment—I recognised the hand writing of Fanny Underwood.

Curiosity impelled me to know from the postman whether he had letters for me.

There was one sent me into the room—From Paris—I broke the seal—the signature, Frances Underwood.

PERPLEX-



PERPLEXITY OF MR. HALES — REMORSE  
ON THE FICKLENESS OF HIS FIRST  
ATTACHMENT.

ON Mr. Cornwall's occasional leaving the room, I read the letter of the neglected Fanny—remorse reverberated on my heart-strings. Deluded by the impetuous, unrestrained principles of youth, my breast heaved with no real misery. No anxious repugnance—no mental agony. I thought myself secure in the lasting sentiments of a humble farmer's daughter; nor could I have entertained the most distant thoughts, that the empire which I had assumed over the inferiority of her original station would have thus been so nobly disclaimed.

“ S I R,

“ Your heart is at liberty. I am reco-  
“ vered from the moment of extreme  
“ misery.

“ misery. Your letter has sunk me to the  
 “ earth. A gleam of returning reason  
 “ has now dawned upon me, and I am  
 “ raised to calm reflection.

“ I have been apprised of your engage-  
 “ ment with Miss Cornwall.

“ I could have wept, but my heart was  
 “ overcharged with grief. My pride, too,  
 “ was alarmed. With the polish of life I  
 “ had forgot the humility of my birth, and  
 “ my soul towered beyond its prescribed  
 “ limits.

“ But here let me conjure you, Sir, to  
 “ spare my breast this poignant anguish.  
 “ Do not accuse my sorrow of disappoint-  
 “ ment. Sure I am, that, raised to a dis-  
 “ parity of condition above my family, my  
 “ soul has been overwhelmed with grief  
 “ insupportable. My reluctant spirit has  
 “ bewailed the moment I left the peaceful  
 “ home of my parents.

“ Could the sagacious experience of Sir  
 “ Simon Hales believe it possible that his  
 “ son,

“ son, on his entry into life, amidst the  
 “ gay and splendid forms of his equals,  
 “ would preserve an attachment to an un-  
 “ educated girl—an attachment conceived  
 “ only by the natural habit of an infant  
 “ acquaintance, and not ripened on any  
 “ principle of reflection? No appeal to  
 “ the serious admonitions of the heart, to  
 “ the wisdom of conduct, to the discrimi-  
 “ nation of right and wrong?

“ Well was it then judged, Sir, to re-  
 “ move the obscure object of juvenile  
 “ pursuit, to amuse it with the glittering  
 “ hopes of success, till the more favour-  
 “ able opportunity had gained a victory  
 “ for his son.

“ The foresight of a prudent father is  
 “ now rewarded—the spirit of a giddy  
 “ boy turned into the path of regular de-  
 “ corum. You have beauty, and a nearer  
 “ equality of birth to confirm the hopes of  
 “ your family—The triumph is complete.

“ I require no retrospect on your part—  
 “ all is peace here, believe me, Sir—Mo-  
 “ derate

“ derate your own feelings, and persuade  
 “ yourself, that what I have lost by the  
 “ calm repose of a more obscure condi-  
 “ tion, I have now gained by an insur-  
 “ mountable pride of precept.

“ Be blest with the woman of your  
 “ choice, and forget there ever once ex-  
 “ isted the once-aspiring, but now resigned  
 “ and deserted

“ FRANCES UNDERWOOD.

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To describe the effects of this letter  
 would require all the energy of human  
 power.

I had struggled with the conflict—the  
 personal presence of a beautiful face and  
 an ornamented mind, united in the person  
 of Miss Cornwall, had, doubtless, much  
 impaired

impaired the original and ardent passion I entertained for Fanny—but I had completed my triumph.

'Tis true I was fluctuating, when Mr. Cornwall had left the room, on the proper course I was to follow in the perplexity of his pretended engagement with his daughter, whose situation had, doubtless, much affected me—but I had firmly balanced my conduct in favour of Fanny.

This letter now threw my feelings afloat, and distraction itself seemed ready to assail me. I passed in review my conduct since I parted with this little first favourite. Accusation had followed accusation.

I now recollected the parting word of her native innocence. Every tender recollection rushed into my mind. Under this painful, this agonising solicitude, pensive, my head reclined on the back of a deep and easy cabriole chair of Mr. Cornwall, and delivered up to every mournful idea in the catalogue of juvenile misfortune, the letter of Fanny in my hand, I was broke

in upon by Miss Cornwall, who, entering through a green-baize folding door, which led to an anti room, with a light tread, and my back turned to the spot, harrowed up my feelings to surprise. I started from the chair.

Miss Cornwall observed my agitation—the letter in my hand. The effect of my wild looks bereft her of utterance. The delicacy of her nature began to totter. She also held in her hand a letter. With trembling steps she seated herself on a sofa opposite to me — and holding out the letter, she begged my perusal of it.

“ MADAM,

“ An unfortunate young woman solicits  
“ your friendship.

“ A stranger to your person, though not  
“ so to the amiable virtues which have  
“ marked your character.

“ To flattery, I am not to be beholden  
“ for the interest which I may possibly de-  
“ rive



“ rive in writing this letter. To an in-  
 “ terest, which can only be conducive to  
 “ soften my cares in divulging the present  
 “ sentiments of my heart.

“ I have been informed, that Mr. Hales  
 “ has received your sanction for his ad-  
 “ dresses.

“ Foolish woman ! I was taught to be-  
 “ lieve it possible that a young man, du-  
 “ ring several years absence, could pre-  
 “ serve, pure and un sullied, the first vows  
 “ of his affection. I was dreaming of con-  
 “ stancy at the time his parents and friends  
 “ were using their sedulous diligence to  
 “ disunite the compact of his ardent pur-  
 “ suit.

“ In these sentiments I may, perhaps,  
 “ accuse Miss Cornwall of rivaling the  
 “ unhappy and innocent object of his at-  
 “ tachment ; and when I have prefixed the  
 “ epithet of a pure and un sullied vow, she  
 “ may question my humility and respect.

“ No, Madam ; I do not suspect you of

“ art or design to entice Mr. Hales to this  
 “ injustice. The delicacy of your educa-  
 “ tion far, very far, will dismiss any similar  
 “ reflection. By similar advantages to  
 “ yourself, my own assiduity, and the good  
 “ counsel of a diligent friend, vigilant  
 “ over my increasing years, have taught  
 “ me to draw the line between the consis-  
 “ tent duty I owe myself, and the respect  
 “ which is due to my superiors in birth  
 “ and fortune.

“ ’Tis true, low and humble my birth,  
 “ I had some degree of vanity in my heart,  
 “ mixed with the purest affection. I had  
 “ considered myself as the favoured object  
 “ of Mr. Hales’s regard.

“ To these sentiments I had made great  
 “ sacrifices — the greatest of all earthly sa-  
 “ crifice—a home—the cherished fondness  
 “ of two tender parents; and I had suffered  
 “ a voluntary banishment, as far as the ad-  
 “ vantage of education would avail, to pre-  
 “ ponderate against birth and fortune.

But this banishment—sad reach of po-  
 “ licy

“ licy on the side of his family, when there  
 “ was a chance of its involving an inno-  
 “ cent woman in the depth of human  
 “ misery ! This banishment was conti-  
 “ nued to draw Mr. Hales from his early  
 “ and imprudent attachment, and it has  
 “ well succeeded.

“ But where is my reparation ?

“ Can affluence atone for the violation  
 “ of those delicate ties which the well-re-  
 “ gulated heart of a woman has matured  
 “ by education, and the fixed principle of  
 “ her own virtue ? Surely not. My pre-  
 “ sent elevation must be completed only  
 “ to render my future life proportionably  
 “ miserable.

“ Raised above the thatched roof of my  
 “ parents, with what an incongruity of soul  
 “ must I return to it without the prize I  
 “ have been aspiring to !

“ Yet, Madam, my envy at your better  
 “ fortune has been nobly defeated, I assure  
 “ you. I have obtained a complete con-

“ quest over every base and sordid gratifi-  
 “ cation. With the loss of Mr. Hales I  
 “ have repelled the mean selfish vanity of  
 “ my heart ; and I shall, without a pang,  
 “ when divested of the superfluous vani-  
 “ ties which my situation is now surrounded  
 “ with, return with humility to my long  
 “ and tender absent parents. In a russet  
 “ gown, and diligent spirit, I mean here-  
 “ after to fulfil the duties of an English  
 “ cottage; and though I may entertain  
 “ the natural impulse of sorrow on the re-  
 “ collection of a few flattering moments  
 “ of human felicity, I have a soul that can  
 “ submit with persevering resolution, to  
 “ mourn, in solitude, and useful bodily la-  
 “ bour, the misfortune of an early delusion.

“ These are the sentiments of a young  
 “ woman, whom the world may accuse of  
 “ intemperate wishes and misguided judge-  
 “ ment. To a better guardian I cannot  
 “ commit them. It is to your friendship I  
 “ then appeal for justice, when my name  
 “ may be erroneously accused, and I shall  
 “ then wait, in a resigned and peaceful  
 “ obscurity, this interference in my favour  
 “ against

“ against the malignant reproaches of a misjudging world.

“ In these hopes may my wishes then  
 “ ascend, that Heaven, which, in wisdom,  
 “ has corrected my youth, by teaching my  
 “ soul a greater portion of humility, may  
 “ take you under its protection for the  
 “ completion of all terrestrial happiness.

“ FRANCES UNDERWOOD.”

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What an increase of pain did this letter convey to my soul ! There was a guilty confusion which mounted in my face, and which could not pass unobserved by Miss Cornwall. To see that greatness of spirit depicted in the character of Fanny—her resolution—the marked dismissal of my future prospects to make her my wife—the beautiful object, Miss Cornwall, in my presence—her partiality—

Every conflict to harass the mind of man, big swelling in my bosom. In silence I gazed on Amelia — there was no appeal — I had only one effort to make — even this, to remove from her presence, was equally fatal to my happiness.

But she thus, with an amazing recruit of energy, addressed me with a firm and collected look. It seemed her soul had summoned up every exertion of human power and virtue.

“ Mr. Hales, there is a reparation you  
 “ have to make, which requires your im-  
 “ mediate interposition. If I may be per-  
 “ mitted to dictate, in the tumult which  
 “ your mind at this moment suffers, I  
 “ conjure you, with the firmest decision, to  
 “ fly. You are on the eve of your travels  
 “ —this instant fly to the unhappy lady  
 “ who has obtained your honourable and  
 “ solemn promises. For God’s sake do not  
 “ one moment hesitate — the whole happi-  
 “ ness of your life is now hazarded. Con-  
 “ vince her of her unfounded surmise.  
 “ Quiet the agony of her mind. Such  
 “ sensi bi-



“ sensibility and nobleness of soul must  
 “ be cherished ! — To suffer her to expe-  
 “ rience your neglect — Oh, Sir, what has  
 “ been your infatuation !

“ But cast a retrospect on your conduct.  
 “ You have, doubtless, Mr. Hales, sought  
 “ opportunities of giving cause for such  
 “ reproaches ; and yet how cautious, how  
 “ resigned are those reproaches ! Will  
 “ not the world talk ? Can even, the most  
 “ perfect, the most pure ties of common  
 “ friendship, pass through the observance  
 “ of our acquaintance, unaccompanied  
 “ with scrutiny and a perverted report ?

“ Believe me, your attentions in our fa-  
 “ mily have given rise to all that the world  
 “ has, and will continue, to say.

“ But my father—it was by his request I  
 “ have here found you—he is now in con-  
 “ sultation with my aunt—All is not safe in  
 “ this quarter—I have sought your pre-  
 “ sence, Sir, under a different complexion  
 “ to that which my father expected—but  
 “ the strict truth, be assured, he shall be

“ well acquainted with—I know he be-  
 “ lieves your attachment to my person is  
 “ not easily severed—that we are still  
 “ doomed to be united.

“ Pardon this open, ingenuous language  
 “ —the time will no longer admit of any  
 “ palliating delay. You have only one  
 “ resolution to adopt—your travels—I am  
 “ resigned, Sir—The interested views of  
 “ my father and aunt I well discern—  
 “ herein lies your danger. This secret I  
 “ impart to you as a final tribute to that  
 “ affection which I am now generous  
 “ enough to avow in your favour, but  
 “ which shall never, no, never be encour-  
 “ aged at the expence of my peace of  
 “ mind, at the expence of the happiness of  
 “ another injured female.

“ I dread my father’s resentment—yet I  
 “ have courage enough to avow, both the  
 “ regard which I entertain for your person,  
 “ and the firm resolution of sacrificing all  
 “ my views and wishes to her who has a  
 “ better and more natural claim to them.

“ I see

“ I see your weakness, Mr. Hales —  
 “ would my present sentiments infuse in  
 “ your breast the same spirit of resolution  
 “ —but I have little time left for the con-  
 “ tinuance of our interview—I feel my  
 “ spirits sinking under this exertion—I  
 “ dread the weakness of my natural con-  
 “ stitution, lest I may not have power to  
 “ withstand this conflict.”

At this moment I clasped the lovely Amelia in my arms—my soul had caught a glow of sympathy from the greatness of her sentiments—I was resolved on taking an everlasting farewell.

She received my embraces.

“ My dearest Amelia, I then shall leave  
 “ you for ever—for ever!—Deplorable  
 “ fate that has thus made me the sport of  
 “ such peculiar, such tender situations.”

Her eyes gushed tears, and she wept on my bosom—O God, my soul was bowed down with tenderness—ineffable pity—I must not call it love—dear, sacred name! I had bestowed it on the neglected Fanny.

The trembling lips of Amelia besought me to leave her presence—Under the roof of her father to be surprised in a tender farewell moment !

I still felt her palpitating heart indicate the perturbed state of her soul.

I still held her to my bosom——

Distraction ! — at this instant we heard a foot at the door.

Mr. Cornwall entered—I had scarcely time to break from the arms of the loveliest of women.

Our disconcerted appearance could not fail to attract his notice.

He had the most indubitable proof of an apparent reciprocal affection.

But not shewing any marks of having observed the hurry and confusion of our situation, he said he had returned to ask my company to dinner ; that he had sent the  
same

same invitation to Sir Simon and Lady Hales, requesting at the same time, with a particular emphasis, that I would use my solicitation to prevail on them. I noticed an apparent anxiety in his manner of making the request; and as I had now a fair opportunity for taking my leave, I left the house with less agitation than, for the want of a similar excuse, I might have done.

MY

MY TROUBLES CONFIRMED. THOUGHTS  
ON A VIOLENT EXPEDIENT.

ON my return home I was saluted by our common friend, Philpot. He had that instant arrived from Kent. Sir Simon was in a *tête-à-tête* with Lady Hales in the study.

The Doctor taking me by the hand, thus accosted me :

“ My dear Ned, I have received a letter  
“ from my sister Gordon — the contents  
“ will give you pain—but *integer vita*—  
“ and we will leave the rest to fortune.  
“ *Audax omnia perpeti*—a brush on the  
“ Continent together will set all to rights  
“ again. We must make the best of our  
“ way to Paris.

“ There



“ There is a storm which threatens us  
“ from that quarter.

“ It is now twenty years since I accom-  
“ panied your father on his tour—we were  
“ much about the same age—brother stu-  
“ dents—we read together, and our friend-  
“ ship cemented at college—we made a  
“ cheerful trip—but I am afraid this bushy  
“ wig and rusty black will not comport  
“ with the jessamy heir of my old friend.”

The extreme hilarity of the Doctor, and his partial regard for our family, always endeared him, more as a familiar companion than the austere preceptor, and of sufficient experience in life to value the advantage of his company. I was not in the least dissatisfied with the plan which my father had proposed for him to be my companion.

He had sent in his name, but Sir Simon did not make his appearance. His ready wish to join hands with him, whenever he visited us, inclined me to conclude, from his delay, that business of some consequence were on the *tapis* between him and  
my

my mother. This afforded us an opportunity for a farther discourse ; and my anxiety to see the contents of Mrs. Gordon's letter increasing, I desired the Doctor to shew me them.

The Doctor resuming—"Why, to be brief, I must now inform you of a remarkable occurrence that has taken place on the side of my sister.

"You know her husband, having an attainture against him for high treason, in the rebellion of the year 1745, was obliged to fly to France. By his death she became in possession of a very handsome fortune; and having no child, I naturally concluded, that her intentions were fixed to leave the same to me. But I find the case otherwise, and which she has specified in her letter in such terms as will, doubtless, occasion your surprise."

"DEAR GEORGE,

"You know my affection has been oftentimes revealed to you by the most  
 "undoubted

“ undoubted proofs—I shall forbear to re-  
 “ capitulate them—your own breast must  
 “ do me that justice which I merit.

“ Possessed of such ample provision in the  
 “ church, and your own hereditary fortune  
 “ on the side of our family, it cannot be  
 “ presumed you are desirous of increasing  
 “ your revenue. Besides, if I may be al-  
 “ lowed to judge of your generous temper,  
 “ I shall readily conclude, that you would  
 “ allow me to gratify my present feelings  
 “ at the expence of any expectations which  
 “ you may entertain of the legacy which I  
 “ should make in your favour after death.  
 “ Older than myself, I might reasonably  
 “ expect to outlive you; and with this  
 “ chance of survivorship, perhaps your  
 “ hopes, on the possession of my fortune,  
 “ will naturally be banished from your  
 “ mind.

“ And now to the point which I have  
 “ resolved upon.

“ Sir Simon Hales, by your recommen-  
 “ dation, has entrusted to my care the  
 “ daughter

“ daughter of his tenant, Mr. Under-  
 “ wood. Having no child I was rejoiced  
 “ to find in this young woman a compa-  
 “ nion — but I found her more than one—  
 “ She is an accomplished and amiable  
 “ friend. Delighted in her friendship, I  
 “ have spared no pains to render her as  
 “ perfect in the refined forms of life as  
 “ my connections in this capital have per-  
 “ mitted. More than answered my best  
 “ hopes, she is sought and carested. Her  
 “ manners, by a kind of native intuition,  
 “ is on an equality with those whom we  
 “ occasionally associate with. In this my  
 “ hopes were fixed, that Mr. Hales would  
 “ have received her to his heart ; not only  
 “ the woman of his early choice, but ap-  
 “ proved by his reflection and more chosen  
 “ regard.

“ Our care and perseverance are now  
 “ effectually frustrated—the lovely Frances  
 “ is forsaken. Miss Cornwall preferred ;  
 “ and, perhaps, there may be very strong  
 “ and natural reasons to be assigned for  
 “ this change. Absence will make a very  
 “ material alteration in the hearts of two  
 “ lovers.

“ lovers. All other ideas are pastoral and  
 “ imaginary.

“ But in effect, we have, doubtless, a  
 “ strong instance exhibited in these young  
 “ people. Yet, as no moral justice can be  
 “ administered for Fanny’s consolation on  
 “ the side of the perjured swain, in this dis-  
 “ appointment of her hopes it would be  
 “ the extreme of cruelty if she could not  
 “ engage the friendship of some indivi-  
 “ dual. In this she has succeeded — and  
 “ well does she merit my regard. Her  
 “ conduct and genuine nobleness of soul  
 “ entitle her to a superior class in the order  
 “ of society ; and I have thoughts, by my  
 “ fortune, of placing her in that class.

“ Her suspicions were long entertained  
 “ on the infidelity of the Boxley heir—  
 “ a letter, which reached our hands, has  
 “ confirmed them. And how did she sub-  
 “ mit to this reverse ? With a firm and  
 “ collected mind — She had anticipated  
 “ this change — not only from long ab-  
 “ sence, but from the natural complexion  
 “ of the sex. It was obvious that Sir Si-  
 “ mon

“ mon well knew the effect of separation;  
 “ and we have both ascribed the result to  
 “ his more masterly reach of policy.

“ Some provision with Underwood the  
 “ Baronet seems to have previously agreed  
 “ upon. There had been a surmise of  
 “ fickle passion, and he talked of a settle-  
 “ ment on Frances.

“ Now judge.

“ This she has rejected in a letter to Sir  
 “ Simon, and specifies her resignation to  
 “ return to the farm house. That her  
 “ heart is deeply wounded, I have the  
 “ strongest proof; but well I am con-  
 “ vinced the mortification arises more  
 “ from the loss of the object, Mr. Hales,  
 “ than that of elevated station.

“ To return to her home—to the little  
 “ retired offices of rural œconomy—how  
 “ disproportionate to the elegant senti-  
 “ ments she has imbibed! — But she has a  
 “ temper for resignation, and a sufficient  
 “ portion



“ portion of religion to exercise her hu-  
 “ mility.

“ I have hitherto suppressed her letters  
 “ to her friends to prepare them for her  
 “ return, to wait the confirmation of my  
 “ views.

“ She must not be neglected—I have  
 “ no child—and, with your permission,  
 “ dear brother, Frances Underwood is the  
 “ adopted one of your affectionate sister,

“ ELIZABETH GORDON.”

---

Doctor Philpot now continued, by observing, that Mrs. Gordon's property amounted to the yearly income of a thousand pounds—a sum of sufficient importance to balance the prejudice of Fanny's extraction—that the regard which he entertained for the family of the Halses was such, that he, doubtless, approved of his  
 sister's

“ mon well knew the effect of separation;  
 “ and we have both ascribed the result to  
 “ his more masterly reach of policy.

“ Some provision with Underwood the  
 “ Baronet seems to have previously agreed  
 “ upon. There had been a surmise of  
 “ fickle passion, and he talked of a settle-  
 “ ment on Frances.

“ Now judge.

“ This she has rejected in a letter to Sir  
 “ Simon, and specifies her resignation to  
 “ return to the farm house. That her  
 “ heart is deeply wounded, I have the  
 “ strongest proof; but well I am con-  
 “ vinced the mortification arises more  
 “ from the loss of the object, Mr. Hales,  
 “ than that of elevated station.

“ To return to her home—to the little  
 “ retired offices of rural œconomy—how  
 “ disproportionate to the elegant senti-  
 “ ments she has imbibed! — But she has a  
 “ temper for resignation, and a sufficient  
 “ portion

“ portion of religion to exercise her humil-  
 “ mity.

“ I have hitherto suppressed her letters  
 “ to her friends to prepare them for her  
 “ return, to wait the confirmation of my  
 “ views.

“ She must not be neglected—I have  
 “ no child—and, with your permission,  
 “ dear brother, Frances Underwood is the  
 “ adopted one of your affectionate sister,

“ ELIZABETH GORDON.”

---

Doctor Philpot now continued, by observing, that Mrs. Gordon's property amounted to the yearly income of a thousand pounds—a sum of sufficient importance to balance the prejudice of Fanny's extraction—that the regard which he entertained for the family of the Halles was such, that he, doubtless, approved of his  
 sister's

sister's resolutions, and that he had signified the same to her in his answer.

Having animadverted on the letter which Mrs. Gordon had received on my pretended overtures with Miss Cornwall, we had no doubt but a secret conspiracy had been framed to subvert my affections for the lovely Kentish maid.

Where to place our suspicions was our study. In this our skill seemed to be foiled; sometimes they were fixed on Lady Hales—but her hatred for the Cornwalls seemed here to interfere—then again we thought of the Jekylls—but the situation of Fanny was a mystery to them, as also to Lady Hales—the latter, indeed, might have gleaned the secret from Sir Simon.

To doubt the divulging of this secret from the confidential trust in my friend Cornwall was a thought which could find no place in my bosom—yet how to account for this intimation to Mrs. Gordon!

Our enemy must be detected and com-  
bated,

bated, or we must expect the weapon to be again drawn with redoubled execution.

Having given the Doctor a recital of the forgery which had taken place with Miss Cornwall concerning the meeting at Ranelagh, he seemed to have an insight into the plot ; and, without divulging his suspicions, he concluded that the same person had acted in the affair of Ranelagh as in that of Fanny.

---

The Baronet now entered. There had been a negotiation between him and my mother.

Lady Jekyll had proposed her son to pay his serious addresses to my sister Sophy. To this my mother, with her usual partiality to that family, had assented, and which had been strenuously opposed by my father. The demur had occasioned a compromise.

promise. Lady Hales asserting her right to be the guardian of her daughter, had inclined Sir Simon to relax his aversion against the Jekylls, and the matrimonial parley had broken up with the arrangements necessary for the intended union to take place.

On the death of his mother, Jekyll was heir to a funded property of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds. This acquisition might, perhaps, somewhat prevail on my father to accept of the treaty ; but I believe his principal one arose from the desire he had of preserving his influence in favour of his son Edward, uninvaded by any exceptions on the side of his wife ; and, in this instance, the peculiarity of his notions did not cause him a little anxiety : natural enough was it for him to dread the developing his plans respecting my connection with Fanny. Therefore, having yielded implicit obedience to my mother on the disposal of her daughter, he demanded the same unconditional terms of administration in favour of his son.

These



These were the heads of Sir Simon's first conversation with the Doctor.

But now the subject turned upon the resolutions of Mrs. Gordon, to adopt Fanny Underwood as heir to her fortune.

My father's face had marks of anxiety impressed upon it—after having heard from me the description of the scene which had transpired at Mr. Cornwall's, which I described to him without the least reserve; and having shewed him the letter of Fanny, his impatience immediately broke forth.

He pulled out of his pocket a letter which the same post had brought him.

---

“ SIR,

“ My breast cannot accuse me of ingratitude for the long-continued marks  
 Vol. II. E “ of

“ of your friendship and protection : they  
 “ will remain to my latest moments un-  
 “ impaired. But while I have a heart  
 “ susceptible of grateful principles to my  
 “ benefactor, I still preserve a filial love  
 “ with unshaken fidelity. The cause,  
 “ therefore, which has kindled the former  
 “ must be cancelled to preserve the latter ;  
 “ and as I find it impossible to draw my  
 “ breath this distance from my home, I  
 “ must beg leave to disclaim those expect-  
 “ tations, which the vanity of an ignorant  
 “ young woman had raised up in me.

“ My inexperience and innocence at an  
 “ earlier period of my life might, doubtless,  
 “ have excited your commiseration ; and  
 “ while you gratified your charitable prin-  
 “ ciple in the protection of a young wo-  
 “ man, who might, perhaps, have fallen a  
 “ victim to her thoughtless engagement,  
 “ you have also, doubtless, affected the  
 “ most wise of expedients.

“ Mr. Hales is recovered from his in-  
 “ temperate pursuit of an unhappy girl—  
 “ his affections are now fixed on a lady of

“ every conspiring quality to render him  
 “ prosperous and happy.

“ The plan has prospered to your most  
 “ sanguine wishes. Accept my thanks for  
 “ your bountiful care—your considerate  
 “ preservation of my tender years. It is  
 “ all I have to bestow for the pains you  
 “ have taken to enlarge my capacity, and  
 “ of teaching my heart the perfect doctrine  
 “ of resignation in all the trials and per-  
 “ plexities of human life.

“ I have proposed to my best and most  
 “ affectionate friend, Mrs. Gordon, to set  
 “ off for England in a few days from this;  
 “ and my prayer will then be, that an ob-  
 “ livion may be for ever stamped on.

“ Your very grateful,

“ And humble servant,

“ FRANCES UNDERWOOD.”

Two posts from this, the day before I sat off for the Continent, my father received a second letter.

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“ SIR,

“ By favour of my more than common  
 “ friend, Mrs. Gordon, I have enclosed  
 “ you the sum of four hundred pounds,  
 “ per draft on Messrs. \*\*\*\*\* and Co.  
 “ bankers.

“ It is not the pride of my heart which  
 “ impelled me to accept of this bounty,  
 “ for the base gratification of resentment—  
 “ I beseech you, Sir, most earnestly, not  
 “ to accuse me of this ungenerous device.

“ To the amount of this sum I am in-  
 “ debted to you for the advantages I have  
 “ received—but what advantages!—Good  
 “ heavens! what can we know of your dis-  
 “ pensations!

“ It

“ It was your pleasure, Sir, to prevail on  
 “ my parents to send me at this distance  
 “ from my home, to cancel the disproportion-  
 “ tionate attachment between your son  
 “ and me. Suffer me to do my own feel-  
 “ ings this justice to say, that in this the  
 “ gratification of self-interest seems to have  
 “ been predominant; yet as this could have  
 “ been accomplished by more harsh and  
 “ stern principles of parental authority,  
 “ than with the extreme delicacy and ten-  
 “ derness I have experienced from you,  
 “ doubtless I must bestow my thanks; and  
 “ as I think it the most delicious moment  
 “ of life to have a due sense of benefits  
 “ received, I do not omit this opportunity  
 “ of cancelling those inferior obligations,  
 “ at the expence of all ingratitude, when  
 “ the most exalted, that of your goodness  
 “ of heart, is for ever rooted at the very  
 “ bottom of mine.

“ Yours, &c.

“ FRANCES UNDERWOOD.”

With an accumulation of trouble I had determined on a violent effort—to listen to the proposition of Doctor Philpot—to set off for Paris—to fly to the house of Mrs. Gordon.

My heart had received the most violent shock on the side of Miss Cornwall—my affection divided—Horrid sensation!—My fancies perplexed, I was ready to be precipitated into the most distempered of actions.

Nor could I be persuaded to enter on the violent resolution of breaking effectually with the Cornwall family, until the Doctor, noting the visible effect which this embarrassment had on my health, endeavoured to restore my reason to some degree of coherent discipline.

“Do you not,” he observed, “view  
 “the interested principles of Mr. Corn-  
 “wall and his sister, as having been  
 “planned from a remote distance of time?  
 “Yet what more desirable than the alli-  
 “ance of his family and yours? And on  
 “your



“ your side, what objections? An honour-  
 “ rable family—prejudice of the world de-  
 “ feated—but fortune circumscribed—on  
 “ your side the deficiency well balanced?  
 “ To this what answer but from the coun-  
 “ cil of your own heart. To Under-  
 “ wood’s daughter there is a natural at-  
 “ tachment, which you declare oftentimes  
 “ accuses you with an unmanlike versati-  
 “ lity; and herein lies the bane of all hu-  
 “ man happiness. How can any man  
 “ propose the smallest portion of repose,  
 “ and a contented life, when his consci-  
 “ ence must daily accuse him of the in-  
 “ fracted ties of affection?

“ Considered on the scale of female at-  
 “ traction, Fanny Underwood and Miss  
 “ Cornwall are on a parallel; and by the  
 “ same parity of reasoning on the chapter  
 “ of the infidelity of our sex, you might  
 “ suffer your inclinations to range in the  
 “ gay lawn of variety. Do you not, then,  
 “ observe the great necessity of coming to  
 “ some resolution?

“ But to balance the choice with wis-  
 “ dom,

“ dom, and to enquire into the sincerity of  
 “ female affection, how can you be sensible  
 “ that perfect truth would be found in the  
 “ heart of Miss Cornwall, when you per-  
 “ ceive so much design and trick to ac-  
 “ complish their views? With Fanny,  
 “ have you not the full measure of a na-  
 “ tural passion, which, by your own feel-  
 “ ings, you will confess, that neither time,  
 “ or the flattering propensities of life, can  
 “ extirpate?

“ Surveying your election on another  
 “ principle, education dismissed from the  
 “ enquiry, seeing that Fanny is now as  
 “ perfectly accomplished as Miss Cornwall  
 “ in the forms and pleasing varieties of be-  
 “ haviour, will you not have in her a  
 “ partner, whose virtues and acquirements  
 “ have been matured by your own dili-  
 “ gent caution? The plant of your ten-  
 “ der rearing — the scion of your own in-  
 “ grafting—but why this rapture?

“ This possession, Mr. Hales, is now  
 “ uncertain. On our arrival in Paris per-  
 “ haps we may find this young woman re-  
 “ turned

“ turned to her parents—inflexible in her  
 “ resolutions, and nobly resolved to dedi-  
 “ cate the remainder of her life to a single  
 “ state. Her views, you find, are disap-  
 “ pointed ; and how shall we presume to  
 “ answer for the caprice of the sex, when  
 “ seconded by the experience of age —  
 “ the experience of my sister Gordon,  
 “ whose desires have been long placed on  
 “ passing her latter days in her native  
 “ country, with an amiable companion in  
 “ this young woman ?

“ But still to confront the present state  
 “ of Miss Underwood with your own sen-  
 “ timents, is she not in an actual state of  
 “ independance ? What then may not  
 “ that independance operate ? Perhaps  
 “ she may be sought, be coveted by a  
 “ rival—a rival of equal power and im-  
 “ portance to yourself. The mind of a  
 “ woman is not always proof against such  
 “ a powerful stimulus to the tender pas-  
 “ sion. The cold precepts of decorum  
 “ and fine sentiments may be transformed  
 “ to a criminal resentment ; and a  
 “ child of an amiable docility may

“ the principles of her religion and moral  
 “ duty to resentment and disdain.

“ Is not this a natural change, Sir, in a  
 “ woman’s temper ? By this she gratifies  
 “ the pleasurable attractions of life—pow-  
 “ erful influence—and sometimes found  
 “ irresistible by the best educated and most  
 “ virtuous of women.”

Roused from the most fluctuating condi-  
 tion, I embraced his counsel—It was to fly  
 from Miss Cornwall—to resolve not to see  
 her again.

Our preparations for leaving England  
 were now to be considered, and a few days  
 at farthest were allotted before we departed.

## A FRESH REVOLUTION IN OUR FAMILY.

WHEN Sir Simon had received the invitation of the Cornwalls to dine, punctilio would not permit Lady Hales to accept it before their dinner visit had been returned. She had dined last with them, and it was resolved by her ladyship that a card should be sent for this purpose.

The card having been accepted, the party were to consist of Lady Dorothy Murray, aunt to Lady Hales ; Lady Jekyll, her son and daughter ; a young gentleman of the name of Dalton, who was intimate in this lady's family, and who had been introduced by Mr. Jekyll as a proper suitor to his sister ; Mr. Cornwall, his son, daughter, and sister ; and Doctor Philpot.

The public conversation among our acquaintance

quaintance having turned upon my supposed approaching marriage with Amelia, it wanted little penetration not to perceive the views of Mr. Cornwall. His ready acceptance of our dinner invitation indicated his wish to have the same believed; and as he still entertained hopes of the match being compleated, so his correspondence and intimacy in our family served to flatter him in it, and also to continue the talk of our acquaintance.

To break off our intimacy on a sudden would have excited the vindictive spirit of the father; and our policy seemed the safest to continue him in his error till I had left this country.

'Tis true I had opened my sentiments to him in the most unreserved manner; but his discovery of my tender situation with Amelia, and on our parting, convinced him his daughter's attractions had operated as a spell to continue my regard. This delusion my father well knew Mr. Cornwall was continued in — but his turbulent spirit was to be dreaded — naturally overbearing and



and resolute, Sir Simon might experience the most fatal effects from the disappointment of his hopes.

Our party thus situated, we had prepared a more than usual decoration of table. With splendor and magnificence the liberal heart of Sir Simon had contrived to regale his son before his departure for the Continent.

But the difficulty to overcome the meeting of Amelia—here my alarms—a distrust of resolution which caused unspeakable pain—but happily my fears were relieved—the lovely girl had persisted in her determination not to attend her father and aunt, and being attacked with an indisposition in consequence, their resentment seemed dissipated. Thus restored to a certain degree of composure, I met the guests with more collected calmness.

On the arrival of the Cornwalls, the aunt immediately made up to Lady Hales and Lady Dorothy Murray.

The

The pride of Scotch blood was indicated in the countenance of Lady Dorothy by an increase of scarlet tint and erected gravity—Lady Hales darted reiterated looks of inquisitive surprise on me and Sir Simon.

A quickness of conception inclined me to suppose that the plot of Fanny was discovered by the shrewd policy of the maiden aunt.

Amelia had, doubtless, assigned my reasons for breaking off my visits; and as Harry Cornwall, my school and Cantabrony, had been long acquainted with the situation of Frances, he had divulged this long-entrusted secret to his family. But this doubtful suspicion was soon confirmed.

My friend Cornwall had entered the room with a look of reserve—had taken an opposite seat with an unusual distance—an evident demonstration of an unfavourable change of sentiment. The member seated next my father, with whom he was also seriously engaged in conversation. The Doctor and myself surveying the company.

Furnished

Furnished by these appearances, I now conjectured that my visits in the family had flattered the wishes of Mr. Cornwall in a matrimonial connection with his daughter ; but as I had not spoke the tender word to Amelia, the aunt had doubtless devised the measure of a fictitious correspondence to produce the effect. This artificial contrivance was productive of every requisite means to produce an overture ; and should hereafter the plan be discovered, still the great end of the plot had been effected.

On the other hand, it was evident the letters were the production of a woman who had some knowledge of composition ; and in this Mr. Cornwall's sister had the fullest claim to the merit. Authorefs in prose and verse—a member of a certain female society—coterie—conversatione—  
 \*\*\*\*\* club—she had assumed the prerogative of control among her acquaintance. Lady Hales was submissive to her arguments. Lady Dorothy heard her with oracular solemnity—Lady Jekyll suspended her usual volubility when she raised the notes of her voice for general attention ;  
 and,

and, in short, all the room seemed prepared with due submission to confess the superiority of her merit and confidence. Under this colour of popular sway the Doctor well anticipated some approaching revolution which her inauspicious manner seemed to announce.

In proportion to this lady's ascendancy, so increased Doctor Philpot's commentary. He was convinced she was the artful agent of a plot in which she seemed intent to involve our family, and he therefore became equally vigilant and resolved to circumvent it.

Under these impressions it was not apparent the hospitable roof of my father would be seasoned with its usual conviviality. Thus we both foreboded a rupture.

When the table was served a general discontent seemed to prevail among all the parties. An interval of silence, till the fish was removed, produced a brisk challenge of a health from Mr. Dalton to Lady Jekyll.

This

This attracted the notice of Mr. Cornwall's sister. The youth, bespangled and elegant in his attire, seemed to accord with the sentiments of East-Indian parade ; and Lady Jekyll was not a little vain in having an opportunity of displaying such a pretty fellow as a proper acquaintance for her daughter, with whom he had been sporting a great deal of welcome gallantry.

This gentleman, therefore, having engaged the attention of our Machiavelian heroine, the whisper circulated to enquire his pretensions.

A sarcastic smile from Miss Elizabeth Cornwall soon convinced us, she had there an anecdote also—and, leaning towards Lady Hales, she caused a most solemn look of astonishment to beam on her countenance.

Not the famed Sybil Erythræa could be attended to with more implicit confidence. Looks, sneers, and ambiguous sentences, went round. Mr. Dalton thought the lash  
of

of this lady directed to him. This caused a cessation of gallantry on his side.

Mr. Jekyll whispered polite anecdotes of the day across the table to my sister Sophy, but ineffectual his sufficiency. In all the glory of despotic converse, this lady caused a damper here to take place—a glance of the eye to young Jekyll conveyed his looks to her—sneers and nods with Lady Hales—and here he had no doubt of censorious tattle at his expence.

Thus contrived by the ascendant genius of this lady, a perfect silence was *awfully* conveyed over the party.

During the whole time of the repast, great coldness on the side of Lady Hales to Sir Simon — great formality on the side of Lady Dorothy Murray—mystery shrouded in their behaviour—he felt an unusual discontent, and his natural vivacity entirely forsook him.

When the ladies retired, Mr. Cornwall had drawn my father into a private conversation,



versation, which had turned upon the marriage with me and Amelia. To this he replied, that he had a fixed determination never to control the inclinations of his children, and that he referred the issue of the business to his son.

This reply caused an address to me on the side of Mr. Cornwall, which he thus prefaced with a forced kind of humour:

“ Sir,” says he, “ if I am not mistaken,  
 “ there are two gentlemen in the company  
 “ upon the same agreeable party of pleasure as yourself. Mr. Jekyll is to present the wreath of hymen to Miss Hales; and Mr. Dalton, by report, has been entered into the list of Miss Jekyll’s admirers. Suppose we have the ceremony of the trio celebrated on the same day — what say you, Doctor Philpot; will you be accessory to the mischief, and perform the ceremony ? ”

The Doctor, well discerning the point of old Cornwall, turned the foil with a serious straight lunge to make him sensible of the hit.

hit. "As for the two gentlemen there,  
 " (meaning Jekyll and Dalton) I will  
 " leave them to answer for themselves;  
 " and on their requisition, all parties con-  
 " senting, I have no objection to perform  
 " the ceremony—but here, Sir," turning  
 to me, "I confess I should have the  
 " greatest, were all the parties perfectly  
 " united and agreed."

The Doctor's black eyebrow now be-  
 came arched and contracted—it bespoke  
 a serious disposition of the heart. The fa-  
 cetious attempt of Mr. Cornwall was thus  
 awed into gravity.

"Your reason, Sir?" replied the mem-  
 ber.

"Because he is engaged to another  
 " lady—and I find, by true report, that  
 " Miss Cornwall has accepted of his  
 " apology for declining any farther visits  
 " in your family."

"Mr. Hales is present," answered Mr.  
 Cornwall, "to answer for himself; and I

" now

“ now think it incumbent on me to demand a reason for your interference.”

Doctor Philpot returned.

“ My friendship for the family, and the confidence of Mr. Hales, have emboldened me to reply in a matter of this delicacy ; but I am more particularly encouraged to it from the base designs that were practised to entrap the affections of a generous young gentleman.”

“ Base designs,” warmly repeated Mr. Cornwall, rising from the table.

“ Believe me, Sir, there is no accession of fame to be reaped by this kind of violent opposition,” rejoined the Doctor.

“ I repeat my words—base designs.—Sudden resentment may, perhaps, give colour for my suspicion—and, perhaps, if my warmth be excited, you may have a much greater cause for your anger.”

Jeykll

Jekyll and Dalton now rose and left the room to join the ladies.

The Doctor continued.

“ I do, indeed, Mr. Cornwall, espouse  
 “ the cause of Mr. Hales — his conduct  
 “ does honour to manhood — his generous  
 “ inexperienced mind has been played  
 “ upon, and taken advantage of.”

“ Forged letters were contrived to make  
 “ the young people declare their senti-  
 “ ments — their peculiar tender situation  
 “ exposed to the public eye. I repeat the  
 “ words, base contrivance !”

“ Concerned for the advantage which  
 “ has been taken of his friendship for Miss  
 “ Cornwall, Mr. Hales is reduced to the  
 “ greatest possible anguish of mind. His  
 “ affections are engaged for another lady,  
 “ and I have his permission to tell you he  
 “ is resolved to break off the connection.”

At this period, the father, on his legs,  
 demanded

demand of me whether the Doctor's sentiments were my own.

I replied they were.

George Cornwall now abruptly left the house.

Old Cornwall, turning to my father, replied :

“ Sir Simon Hales, I am indebted to  
 “ your generosity for the loan of a confi-  
 “ derable sum of money. I would not  
 “ wish, by alarming the peace of your  
 “ family, to shew my ingratitude by any  
 “ sudden resentment. My son, I per-  
 “ ceive, has withdrawn himself in anger—  
 “ a sense of family injury seems to have  
 “ excited a spirit which must be smothered.  
 “ My daughter's health is visibly impaired  
 “ by this misunderstanding ; and I have  
 “ only to lament having suffered a mutual  
 “ attention to have subsisted between these  
 “ young people for such a length of time.  
 “ Perhaps it will prove the absolute cause  
 “ of our downfall. — Amelia has refused  
 “ the

“ the most affluent and distinguished  
 “ young men of the age.

“ As to base designs, Doctor, you have  
 “ my permission to place them where your  
 “ suspicions fall : but I hope you will ex-  
 “ empt me from this reproach, and not  
 “ consider me as the author of the letters.”

Of this Doctor Philpot assured Mr. Cornwall he acquitted him, and that he did not mean to accuse him of any artifice in the affair, but begged his reconciliation.

Some peace was now restored, and we were seated till the ladies summoned us to tea and coffee.

Lady Dorothy Murray had left the house in all the state and pageantry of her antient clan—discontented, and her pride alarmed, we had no doubt of the secret being divulged, and a powerful battery raised against the citadel of my early affections. No doubt but my engagement with Fanny Underwood was to become the public topic  
 of



of our acquaintance, and every stratagem was to be devised to shame us from this low and degrading notion of matrimonial happiness.

---

Miss Elizabeth Cornwall and my mother were in full career of conversation — animated in the extreme — and as the former lady had effected her negotiation to the complete routing of every maternal sentiment on the side of the latter, she briskly turned upon Doctor Philpot to change the nature of her triumph into a more sprightly vein of conversation.

Before we proceed on the history of this lady's visit, it would be first proper to hint, that Miss Elizabeth Cornwall was one of these ladies, whose connections admitted her into the most choice societies of the age, and whose great delight was to be thought the first *bel esprit* in her circles — her com-

positions had been various, both in prose and verse—she had written prologues, puffs, and introductory letters, for her friends, without number—had assisted several ladies in correcting the publications of novels. Her interest was the means of foisting on the managers of one of our theatres a play, which, deficient of either plot or incident, received its just damnation from the critics on its first representation.

Having sent her play to a celebrated poetess to have her criticism upon it, her friend had tenderly recommended some judicious alterations, and most seriously counselled her not to offer it to the managers till it had undergone a more correct revision. Irritated with all the petulency of a self-conceited authoress, who considered her friend's alterations and counsel as envy at her superior merit; and having her hopes so completely disappointed by the public, her determined resentment was now excited against every rising genius of the age; and with these sentiments she had composed the following copy of verses against the literary female

female friend who had made the judicious observations on her play :

T O

A M O D E R N P O E T E S S.

WHEN all around a solemn stillness  
reigns,  
More active sprights illumine the pensive  
brains.

The wakeful mind in ecstasy is drest,  
And the rapt nymph a goddess is confest.  
Comic or tragic, authoresses rise,  
And female breasts refine to ecstasies.

Pale beam'd the midnight lamp—Saphira's  
breast,  
By poesy impell'd, shook off dull rest ;  
The blanch'd bed gown, loose folded o'er  
the fair,  
Slight shield of comfort 'gainst the dank,  
chill air.  
Cold winter's blasts, repell'd by thoughts  
sublime —  
Warm comfort feels, true votaries of rhyme.

Now to the silver ink-stand quick she flies,  
The polish'd verse, in well-pick'd words,  
she tries ;

Eras'd and interlin'd the page appears—  
Sometimes she rhimes to laugh—sometimes  
to tears—

Comic or tragic metaphor abounds,  
And bright sublimity the eye astounds.  
How soft the diction, point so sweetly  
grac'd—

The *ton* expression of the day well plac'd :  
Choice *flourets* cull'd—no vulgar word can  
found,

And well-turn'd periods well arrang'd are  
found.

All elegance *well-hammer'd* stanza trite,  
To consecrate the poetess unite.

These verses had been entrusted into the  
hands of Doctor Philpot to read ; but this  
truely philanthropic man refused to proceed.

“ Madam,”

“ Madam,” says he, “ satire, in any  
 “ shape, I never respected. Even in the  
 “ works of our best poets, where it may  
 “ be occasionally found with acknowledged  
 “ propriety, I am generally led to believe  
 “ it has been written more to favour the  
 “ vanity of an author’s abilities, than the  
 “ pure desire of reforming the world.

“ I grant there are vices which merit  
 “ the combined attacks of all our best  
 “ writers—but it appears to me that their  
 “ good intentions are generally perverted  
 “ by loading the culprit with much ob-  
 “ loquy, and sinking the mild precept of  
 “ Christian lenity into the harsh invectives  
 “ of a cruel and unjust censure.

“ I never read any of these pretended  
 “ reformers of modern dross, but I call to  
 “ mind the confession of the poor damned  
 “ poet in the realms of Pluto, which we  
 “ find so happily portrayed in the visions  
 “ of the celebrated Quivido :

“ Oh, this vile trade of versifying  
 “ Has d—d us all to hell for lying !

“ For writing what we do not think,  
 “ Merely to make the verse cry *Clink* ;  
 “ For rather than abuse the metre,  
 “ *Black* shall be *white*, *Paul* shall be *Peter*.

“ — — — — —

“ — — — — —

“ Not out of *malice*, Jove's my witness,  
 “ But only for the verse's *fitness*.

“ The way our poets have gone about  
 “ to cleanse the augean stable, has been to  
 “ attack corruption on the triumphant  
 “ car of their own self love. Their  
 “ furious and clamorous driving have made  
 “ too great a noise in the world, and ex-  
 “ cited the human passions in open arms  
 “ against them ; they have only made men  
 “ more obstinate and persevering in their  
 “ vice and folly.

“ See the conclusion of our celebrated  
 “ Pope's epilogue to his satires — Was he  
 “ not conscious that he had effected very  
 “ little,



“ little, or, indeed, no reform by his  
“ writing ?

“ Here, last of Britons ! let your names be  
“ read —

“ Are none now living ? — let me praise  
“ the dead —

“ But why had not his satires more effect ?  
“ Because the vanity of the poet seemed  
“ more conspicuous than the real and un-  
“ feigned desire of mending his fellow  
“ creatures by his mild corrections. To  
“ vilify and to degrade is not to correct,  
“ but to excite resentment. Men have  
“ their vices, 'tis true ; but the most  
“ wicked may have their virtues.

Why should

“ — Grandeur blush, *and* proud courts  
“ withdraw *their* blaze ! —

“ Because the man of Rofs was a good  
“ man ?

“ Kings and great men have been vir-  
“ tuous, as well as men in private life ; and

“ as the man of Rofs was a peculiar exam-  
 “ ple of singular virtue in the middling  
 “ ranks of the people, we may with equal  
 “ propriety infer, that a similar instance of  
 “ peculiar virtue may be found in gran-  
 “ deur and in courts; therefore Pope’s  
 “ satire and comparison is by no means  
 “ just, and we have a right to suspect the  
 “ poet of more vanity and desire of swell-  
 “ ling his calumny, than of seriously re-  
 “ forming the vices of his fellow creatures.

“ But I am rather enlarging too much on  
 “ the subject; and, perhaps, I myself may  
 “ be suspected of the same fault which I  
 “ am now inclined to censure in others.

“ In short, satire to me is detestable—  
 “ I never hear it, or read it, but I am con-  
 “ vinced, in my own mind, it is penned  
 “ for some sinister or interested purpose.  
 “ I am very sorry that I am obliged to be  
 “ so pointed, but the busy meddling spirit  
 “ of public and private life calls aloud for  
 “ some Christian interference.

“ You are an abettor of immorality,  
 “ Doctor.

“ Doctor. Vice is made to appear without deformity in the sense of your catechising lecture,” replied the lady.

“ Not so, Madam. When I reprove, I would reprove with charity, sensible of my own foibles, frailties, and transgressions. There is a little Scripture here necessary—but that I leave for your own meditation and proper application.”

Here the Doctor rose, and presented the lady her verses, who received them with the most visible mortification, that their point and personification might not be recognised.

Her resentment had been excited against every rising genius of the age by the unsuccessful treatment of her play; and she was now determined to lug into her satire all the circle of her friends who were distinguished for their genius and abilities; and among them several ladies, who were eminently conspicuous in the light of writers, by several inoffensive and elegant publications.

The Doctor used much rhetoric to dissuade her ; but finding she was resolved to dip her ink in gaul instead of the milk of human nature, he boldly declared that he himself would attack her, and compel her to silence.

The fact was, on the perusal of the stanzas, Philpot had observed a similarity of hand writing between the poetess and the writer of the forged letter of Miss Amelia Cornwall to Mr. Hales, on the rendezvous business at Ranelagh ; and he was determined to explore the affair before the party broke up.

## THE REVOLUTION COMPLETED.

THERE was now announced to the party the arrival of a Mr. Wardmote.

Mr. Dalton, who had been engaged in a continued vein of pleasantry and chat with Lady Jekyil and Miss, like a thunder clap, seemed struck speechless and motionless. The most obvious confusion was now depicted in his countenance—this being noticed by the shrewd eye of the critic, Miss Cornwall—She asked him, with a malicious grin, “if this gentleman was of his acquaintance?” if not, she said she would have the pleasure of introducing him.

“Mr. Wardmote!” rejoined Mr. Cornwall, “why this is the name, sister, of our grocer in Cheapside.”

“ The same, brother,” replied Miss Cornwall.

“ What business can he have here ?” answered the Member — not a little disconcerted in turn.

Dalton held a cup of tea in his trembling hand, which tottered on his saucer; and as the door opened, the worthy citizen made his entrance; but this side of the room favouring a motion of the youth, as he was rising unhappily to gain the door, the cup fell out of his hands; for the back of Wardmote being turned to him, it was easy for him to have made good his escape, had it not been for this accident, which drew the whole eyes of the company towards that quarter, and, among the rest, Wardmote himself.

“ Ben, are *you* here ?” cried the grocer.

Miss Cornwall now addressed Mr. Wardmote.

“ Sir,” says she, “ I was informed, the  
— last



“ last time I was in the city, that you was  
 “ in great distress about your son, whom  
 “ you described as living in a state of  
 “ great expence and figure at our end of  
 “ the same. This, Sir, I presume, is the  
 “ gentleman, and whose face I had recol-  
 “ lected sometime back in a blue apron  
 “ behind your counter, serving out the  
 “ wares of your shop.”

“ Pray you be seated, Mr. Wardmote,”  
 with the most benign and complacent set  
 of features, cried Sir Simon—“ A chair,  
 “ William—and do you, Mr. Dalton,  
 “ take your seat—I am happy to see you,  
 “ Mr. Wardmote, though not the plea-  
 “ sure of your acquaintance.

“ By whose orders, Lady Hales, was  
 Mr. Wardmote sent for?”

“ Mine, by the request of Miss Corn-  
 “ wall,” replied her ladyship.

“ To expose my son, I suppose, Sir,”  
 says Mr. Wardmote.

“ To

“ To be sure Ben is but a comical sort  
 “ of a heedless chap, and has given me  
 “ a good deal of trouble about one kind of  
 “ a thing or other—somehow he has got  
 “ above his business, and is not easy with-  
 “ out he is figuring away like a gentleman.  
 “ Good company, however, my boy is got  
 “ into. Why Ben has a coat on as fine as  
 “ our Alderman on a Court day.”

SIR SIMON. “ Give the gentleman tea  
 “ and coffee.”

Tea and coffee was handed to Mr. Ward-  
 mote—The assumed Mr. Dalton was terri-  
 fied to an inconceivable stupidity.

LADY JEKYLL, *at intervals.* “ An  
 “ impostor.”

MISS JEKYLL *picking her fan.*

YOUNG JEKYLL *staring at his mother.*  
 “ Was never more surprised in all my  
 “ life.”

LADY JEKYLL. “ Mr. Dalton, you are  
 “ an

“ an impostor, and I will have you apprehended for the insult you have put upon my family.”

WARDMOTE. “ Insult ! Madam — I beg I may know it.”

LADY JEKYLL. “ Fellow—he has pretended to be a man of rank and fortune, and has had the audacity to offer his hand to my daughter.”

WARDMOTE. “ Ben was always an odd dog.”

LADY JEKYLL. “ Disgraced ! — insulted ! — Fellow, I will this instant have him before a Justice of the Peace”——

WARDMOTE. “ For what, my Lady Jekyll ? — It is only a prank of the lad’s, I suppose. He wants to ape his betters, and is too proud for his business — Ay, ay ; I have heard of your pranks, Ben — you must beg this lady’s pardon for introducing yourself into her company, and I will get you a commission in the  
“ East-

“ East-India service—it will, to be sure,  
 “ break your poor mother and sister’s heart  
 “ —but it will be much better to do this  
 “ than to disgrace your parents, who live  
 “ creditably in the world, by going to jail,  
 “ and, perhaps, coming to a bad end.  
 “ Come, come; beg Lady Jekyll’s par-  
 “ don, and turn over a new leaf.”

LADY JEKYL. “ I will have justice—  
 “ Fellow, you are an accomplice of your  
 “ son.—Such scum of the earth!”——  
*(Flirting her fan, and smelling at her la-  
 vender bottle.*

WARDMOTE. “ I would not insult your  
 “ ladyship—but I am no fellow, nor scum  
 “ of the earth neither—I am sorry for my  
 “ son’s imprudence; and what can I say  
 “ more? I will tell you a bit of my mind,  
 “ since you oblige me to it. I can give  
 “ Ben a tolerable round fortune, if I please  
 “ —and what can you say to that — Scum  
 “ of the earth!—Suppose I please to make  
 “ him a gentleman—that’s my business,  
 “ you know — and as for your ladyship,  
 “ you don’t know me, though I well know  
 “ you

“ you—You must not teach me as you  
 “ taught the young ladies at Hammer-  
 “ smith boarding school, before you be-  
 “ came the wife of Sir Thomas Jekyll,  
 “ whose father and my father were fellow  
 “ warehousemen in Crutched Friars—and  
 “ Sir Thomas himself was not half so good  
 “ a man when he set off in the world as I  
 “ can make Ben, if I please.—

[ *He was now rising.*

“ I am not come here to be insulted  
 “ neither.”

“ Let every body pay their debts, [*look-*  
 “ *ing at Mr. Cornwall and his sister*] and  
 “ not send to expose me here and my son.  
 “ I can otherwise, perhaps, expose them in  
 “ return.”

SIR SIMON HALES. “ Mr. Wardmote,  
 “ I expect you will keep your seat—there  
 “ is a misunderstanding which I could wish  
 “ to see cleared up.

“ Your son appears to have had a better  
 “ educa-

“ education than is consistant with the  
 “ plan of life which you wish him to  
 “ pursue.”

WARDMCTE. “ He has been brought  
 “ up at an academy at Kentish Town—  
 “ Cannot a man be a good scholar and a  
 “ good tradesman too ? ”

DOCTOR PHILPOT. “ The bane lies  
 “ in the state affixing too much common-  
 “ ality to the class of the merchant and  
 “ tradesman —— Make these professions  
 “ honourable, and suitable acquirement  
 “ by education will not seem dispropor-  
 “ tionate.

“ What more honourable than those  
 “ professions, by which the empire derives  
 “ all its grandeur and prosperity ? The  
 “ citizen should not be degraded because  
 “ he acts a subordinate part in the drama  
 “ of government ; if so, in proportion to  
 “ the improved ideas which he has ac-  
 “ quired by education, so he will naturally  
 “ despise the line of life which he is brought  
 “ up to.

“ The



“ The importance of commerce to Great  
 “ Britain is more efficient than its territo-  
 “ rial or indigenious supplies—in such wise  
 “ it should be supported and exalted to  
 “ honour and high office.

“ I lament, therefore, whenever I see it  
 “ insulted or degraded—I have been  
 “ chafed with indignation in beholding  
 “ our playhouses turning into ridicule the  
 “ great emporium of our commerce \*—  
 “ The public prints in jest and meriment  
 “ exposing the great supporters of our  
 “ wealth and prosperity—Have they not  
 “ excited my indignation?

“ Your son, Mr. Wardmote, would  
 “ never have assumed the character of Mr.

\* In the play of Richard the Third, it is usual for the theatres to caricature the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, when they present their address to the King. At the same time the Manager has been exposed to the critic's censure. What more absurd than to see the *costume* of the times so barbarously violated in dressing these respectable personages in long wigs; when it is well known that wigs were not worn till the age of Charles the Second?

“ Dalton,

“ Dalton, had he been taught to consider  
 “ the business of his father as holding an  
 “ honourable, and not a ridiculous rank in  
 “ the state.”

MR. CORNWALL. “ This is the true  
 “ levelling principle with a vengeance,  
 “ Doctor. Order, civil order, Sir—sub-  
 “ ordination—distinction”——

DOCTOR PHILPOT. “ Why not admit  
 “ the merchant, the tradesman, to an equa-  
 “ lity with the divine, the physical gentry,  
 “ lawyer, and foldier? There will be al-  
 “ ways distinction of rank still subsisting  
 “ in the state to preserve subordination;  
 “ and even among the professional classes  
 “ there will always be found degrees of  
 “ honour for the reward of merit and vir-  
 “ tuous enterprise\*.”

\* The town of Zurich, in Switzerland, respects  
 the class of citizens as highly honourable, and they  
 are admitted to the first posts in the Canton. All  
 the other inferior classes are grouped under the title  
 of the peasantry. What wisdom! and what an energy  
 does not this convey to its commercial establishment!

WARD-

WARDMOTE. “ Your sentiments are  
 “ noble, Doctor Thingamee—and—and  
 “ —I wish you was one of our Common  
 “ Councilmen. We want such a man as  
 “ you among us to keep up the credit of  
 “ the city.

“ It was only on the other Lord Mayor’s  
 “ feast—(when I was invited)—I could  
 “ not help observing the sneers and shrugs  
 “ of your grandees when I sat at table \*—  
 “ But I often wish some of our topping  
 “ gentry would tell them as good a tale as  
 “ they bring at this here end of the town.  
 “ To be sure there is here and there a man  
 “ among us who gets up in the House of  
 “ Commons, and talks away very glibly as  
 “ somehow ; but they does not do it so well  
 “ neither as some of your courtiers ; it  
 “ does not go quite so well off ; and that  
 “ is one good reason why we are carried

\* The stale jest of the turtle feast should surely  
 no longer pass muster—when it must be confessed,  
 that the epicure and sensualist is not more common to  
 this than the most exalted class in the state.

“ away by good horators. There is one  
 “ or two men come among us, and they  
 “ cram us with fine tales, which we swal-  
 “ low like spoonfulls of flummery — and  
 “ all this, I warrant you, because we have  
 “ not such good hopportunities to get  
 “ learning. The city likes horators and  
 “ good spokesmen, and we all trys at it a  
 “ little in our meetings — but then we  
 “ never makes any thing out — we keeps  
 “ on talking till the wine makes us quite  
 “ turn the discourse another way, and  
 “ then we adsjurnes to another meeting.”

MR. CORNWALL [*aside*]. “ Vulgar  
 “ dog!”

LADY JEKYLL. “ I may then thank  
 “ you, Madam, [*To Miss Cornwall*] for  
 “ being thus exposed.”

MISS CORNWALL. “ I meant to do  
 “ your ladyship a signal piece of service.  
 “ I saw the great danger your family was  
 “ exposed to, and I was charitably in-  
 “ clined to open your eyes on the ap-  
 “ proaching evil.”

MR.

MR. WARDMOTE. " This I now plainly  
" fees—Sad dog ! Ben."

SIR SIMON HALES. " You say you  
" are willing to make a gentleman of him  
" —perhaps, in this case, Lady Jekyll"—

LADY JEKYL. " Insult !"

MR. WARDMOTR. " Not so warm,  
" Madam—Perhaps my son Ben, whom  
" you take upon you so much to despise,  
" may be as good as your daughter—I  
" can get him a commission in the Artil-  
" lery Company to-morrow, if you please ;  
" and if your ladyship likes a smart cock-  
" ade and regimentals for Miss, Ben can  
" soon show off in this way."

LADY JEKYL. " Insufferable !"

LADY HALES. " For heaven sake, Sir  
" Simon, do not interfere."

MR. WARDMOTE. " I want nobody  
" to fight my battles, and please your  
" ladyship, though much thanks to the  
" honourable

“ honourable Baronet. I thinks as how I  
 “ have been somewhat ill-treated in this  
 “ here company by two particular ladies.  
 “ ’Tis true Ben has made me angry in  
 “ being ashamed of his name ; but, upon  
 “ my word, I think he looks as much like  
 “ a gentleman as that there gentleman in  
 “ the corner,” (meaning Mr. Jekyll.)—  
 “ As for that lady, who has brought me  
 “ here to make us both look ridiculous, I  
 “ could make her look as ridiculous in re-  
 “ turn, if I please—For pray let me ask  
 “ you, is there more harm in my son Ben  
 “ transmogrifying himself all for love of a  
 “ young lady, and putting on another  
 “ character, than this here lady coming to  
 “ my shop for articles, and running up a  
 “ long bill, and keeping me three years  
 “ out of my money, because the goods  
 “ are going to a member of parliament  
 “ that can’t be found to pay it?—More  
 “ fool me to trust, they may say—but she  
 “ comes in her coach, and it is the appear-  
 “ ance of such things which makes us pay  
 “ all due respect—as you all seem to have  
 “ done poor Ben there, before you found  
 “ out his father was an honest grocer in  
 “ Cheapside



“ Cheapfide—I pays my fcot and lot re-  
 “ gularly, or I fhould foon know the rea-  
 “ fon why—I wifh other folks would do  
 “ the fame—and becaufe, as they does not  
 “ do it, I have as good a right to think  
 “ myfelf as good as they, haven’t I, Mr.  
 “ Doctor, pray? ”

---

This colloquial kind of argument operated as a wonderful damper on the fpirits of Mr. and Mifs Cornwall.

Lady Hales feemed difconcerted—the true hiftory of Lady Jekyll had not reached her ear before. There was a great fhare of family pride in my mother, and I believe this gave her friendship for Lady Jekyll a confiderable fhock.

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MISS CORNWALL. “ To be infulted  
 “ under your own roof, Sir Simon ! ”

MR. CORNWALL. “ I shall resent the  
 “ insult, my dear, depend upon it. I am  
 “ sorry an old acquaintance should be ever  
 “ dissolved, Sir Simon ; but my honour,  
 “ Sir, is suffered to be impeached by the  
 “ insolence of this low and illiterate ci-  
 “ tizen.”

MISS CORNWALL. “ Thank God we  
 “ have you pretty well in our power, Sir  
 “ Simon. Mr. Hales there, was I my bro-  
 “ ther, should answer for his cruelty in our  
 “ family—[*Here she pulled out a Cambric*  
 “ *handkerchief to her eyes.*]

DOCTOR PHILPOT—to Miss Cornwall—  
 “ Madam, your insinuations and desire of  
 “ involving all your acquaintance within  
 “ the reach of your tongue and power, is  
 “ very apparent. As to the plan which  
 “ you combined against this family, to  
 “ draw Mr. Hales into a matrimonial en-  
 “ gagement with Miss Cornwall, is but too  
 “ apparent. You was the authorefs of the  
 “ letter for their meeting at Ranelagh—  
 “ your hand writing, Madam—I can  
 “ bring the most demonstrable proof of it.”

Mr.

Mr. and Miss Cornwall now rose—she rang the bell, and insisted on leaving the house immediately.

Lady Jekyll was taking herself off—the whole party broke up—the Baronet's house was in a temporary confusion—some crimination was heard by most of the parties.

Wardmote declared there was as much jangling and wrangling among people of quality as in his own family—and, with his son, they both disappeared—the father first approaching the Baronet, giving him a most hearty squeeze of the hand, and offering the same ceremony to Doctor Philpot.

EPISODICAL ANECDOTES OF THE HALESES,  
THE JEKYLLS, AND THE CORNWALLS,  
TO WORK THE PLOT UP TO THE EPI-  
TASIS.

THE schism was now compleated with Miss Elizabeth Cornwall—she was inflamed to vengeance—the beautiful Amelia confined to her bed with a fever.

Tortured by her father and aunt, this amiable girl was exposed to the shaft of family rigour—the news of her bad health had reached my ear, and my distress increased in proportion as the time drew near for my departure from England.

Lady Hales was cooling in her friendship for Lady Jekyll, and the match with Sophy and young Jekyll much abated in its process. Miss Cornwall, the aunt, had  
whispered

whispered in Lady Hales's ear, that Jekyll was lavishing his fortune on a celebrated actress; and as this young man had not made any overtures in person to Miss Hales, it seemed but too obvious that Lady Jekyll and Hales had proceeded in a negotiation of this delicate nature before the inclination of the young people had been consulted.

On the evening before I left England Sir Simon received the following letter from Mr. Cornwall :

“ The friendship which has for such  
 “ a length of years subsisted between us  
 “ should not be dissolved for a trifle —  
 “ The health of my daughter is much im-  
 “ paired—I will leave to your honour and  
 “ generosity the reflections necessary to be  
 “ made on this unhappy business. My  
 “ obligations to your family have been  
 “ great—they will be cancelled as soon as  
 “ my affairs can be put into form by my  
 “ attorney.

“ I am frank enough to confess, that I  
 G 3 “ had

“ had built on a baseless independance the  
 “ marriage of Amelia with your son—it  
 “ was the only plan I could adopt to reco-  
 “ ver those political principles from which  
 “ the loss of fortune has tempted me to  
 “ swerve.

“ ’Tis true I have been tempted—I say  
 “ it in confidence—and I have had re-  
 “ course to a species of sophistry to still the  
 “ conscientious feel in my heart.

“ Some offers have been made me to  
 “ come over — Detestable manoeuvre ! —  
 “ thus to practise on my distresses—I have  
 “ reason to believe the enormous expence  
 “ of my last election was skilfully designed  
 “ to operate the celebrated trick of Cardi-  
 “ nal Richlieu—the nobility and gentry  
 “ in his days were hired to court interest  
 “ by their dissipation and poverty.

“ Sad thing, my old friend, to veer  
 “ about at my time of life—the alternative  
 “ —I must creep into some dirty town on  
 “ the Continent till my bones are buried  
 “ on the ramparts, or eat my beef and  
 “ pudding



“ pudding in my own country with conti-  
“ nual fits of indigestion.

“ Ah! had I taken your advice, and  
“ retired to my country mansion on the  
“ fine down of Dorsetshire—but the die is  
“ now cast—a few days must determine  
“ the limits of human fortitude.

“ Roman virtue is now out of fashion—  
“ I could be otherwise tempted to turn my  
“ back on corruption. Sad conflict! when  
“ the soul is thus incumbered with worldly  
“ affairs, it would gladly shake off their  
“ dross, and recover its freedom.

“ Your still remaining friend.”

SIR SIMON'S ANSWER.

“ 'Tis true you are now obliged to give  
“ up the cause—but the true champion of  
“ civil liberty does not droop under these  
“ imaginary evils. Your pride of family  
“ is more hurt than your virtue shaken:  
“ 'Tis but a fit of melancholic disgust—

“ three months retirement will turn your  
 “ political principles into their original  
 “ channel—and methinks, old friend, at  
 “ your time of life, there should be some  
 “ reserve for extraneous lucubrations.

“ My word for it, when you have given  
 “ up the battle the heart will recover its  
 “ natural tone, its natural dwelling place,  
 “ and you will experience more real hap-  
 “ piness in one of the stinking dirty towns  
 “ of our Gallic neighbour, than in this  
 “ luxurious and splendid *caput imperii*.

“ As to obligations!—there again your  
 “ haughty temper rebels against our an-  
 “ tient friendship. Let your pride be dis-  
 “ played when your brain is cooled by  
 “ reason, and the expulsion of your re-  
 “ sentment. Your whole life has been  
 “ marked with error, and you are now on  
 “ the eve of becoming callous against the  
 “ admonitions of experience.

“ I do not trouble my head with my  
 “ son's affections—had I found his honour  
 “ broken in his advances to your daughter,  
 “ every

“ every reparation in my power should  
“ have been made.

“ The delicacy of this much-admired  
“ young lady would not allow her to fall  
“ into the stratagem of her wily aunt,  
“ whose anxiety for the connection has  
“ hurried her into a measure which may,  
“ in all probability, be the cause of much  
“ misery in our families.

“ The justice due to our old friendship,  
“ and to my own personal interest, has  
“ drawn this frank confession of sentiment  
“ from me—feel it, and improve by it—it  
“ will be the only way of preserving

“ Your cordial friend.”

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The morning after the extraordinary party at our house, my father was closetted with my mother for a considerable time.

The discourse turned upon my engagement with Fanny. Sir Simon could find no argument to pacify her alarms, but the assurances of his fixed resolution not to

press the affair; as also not to circumvent his son in those matters where the affections were placed: in this he strenuously contended, especially as he had permitted her to use every influence of a parent in the direction of her daughter's happiness; but at the same time he assured her, that sending Fanny to France was the only means to remove her at a distance, and, in this case, of dissolving the connection by absence.

We have observed, that her disgust at a family connection with the Cornwalls had been conspicuously marked; and as the letter from Fanny bespoke her fixed resolve to break with me, so her alarms were, in a great measure, done away, and particularly so as my views were to set off on the grand tour in a direct route for Italy—at least so she had been made to believe.

In the midst of this connubial parley, wherein no great degree of friendly sincerity had been displayed on either side, Lady Dorothy Murray was announced.

I was seated in the anti-room reading a  
6 curfory

curfory hint to travellers on the Continent, when my truly noble and dignified great aunt made her appearance.

“ Good morning to you, Mr. Hales—  
 “ (her ufual appellation EDWARD)—I  
 “ am in great grief, Sir, on your account  
 “ —but I hauve done with the faamily—I  
 “ thought to have been the true friend of  
 “ it, and of you in particular, Sir, on  
 “ whom all my hopes were fixed. Nau,  
 “ Sir; it is au over—gau and be miserable  
 “ —grauvel on in the mean and law nau-  
 “ tions which the au-fufficient and wife Sir  
 “ Simon has planned for your fuccefs.

“ I think, Sir, at leaft, you might have  
 “ raifed your affections to a lefs palpable  
 “ degree of degeneracy—but I have daune  
 “ with you—I fhall lofe nau time to make  
 “ very confiderable alterations in my will;  
 “ and as to my intereft, it fhall remain,  
 “ Sir, be perfuaded, in great compaufure  
 “ and peace. You can very well difpenfe  
 “ with a fuperior title to that of a Baronet.  
 “ Your nautions, believe me, Sir, dau not  
 “ demand elevation and rank.

“ I thought my fortune, on my death,  
 “ with that of the Haleses, might be a  
 “ suitable appendage for the rank which I  
 “ have been moving au the interest in my  
 “ power to accomplish — an earldom of  
 “ Great Britain, Sir, for your father—But  
 “ I have daune with you — I shall turn au  
 “ my affections into the faamily of my hus-  
 “ band.

“ I shall point au to the north, young  
 “ gentleman—It is now the common taupic  
 “ among au our acquaintance—You may  
 “ depend upon it, the busy tongue of that  
 “ censaurious sifter of the beggarly member  
 “ will hauld au up to the ridicule of the  
 “ tauwn. Nau, Sir ; I shall not stay here to  
 “ confront it, you may assure yoursel—to  
 “ be drawn into the circle of ridicule, will  
 “ not suit with my present rank and inde-  
 “ pendence.

“ The daughter of a farmer !

“ I am come to pay my morning visit  
 “ to your father ; and if he is in the hoose,  
 “ desire



“ desire my respects to him, and tell him I  
“ am pressed for time.”

Sir Simon and Lady Hales were now entering the room.

Lady Dorothy arose with the most profound gravity—her salutation as cold as the regions of her northern clan.

LADY DOROTHY. “ Sir Simon, if I  
“ did not know you to be one of the  
“ strangest men in the universe, I should  
“ have thought your unaccountable conduct  
“ approached to insanity.

“ To countenance a low-born farmer’s  
“ daughter, to aspire to your only son and  
“ heir! You could not have invented a  
“ scheme so truly absurd to make us all the  
“ risible topic of our acquaintance. For  
“ God’s sake, nephew—think what you are  
“ about, man—I will not give my name  
“ any longer to the family.

“ It was yesterday mentioned at the  
“ drawing-room—Lady Dinwiddie, my  
“ old

“ auld friend, frowned monstroufly, and  
 “ fiddled away — it will be spread au over  
 “ Scotland, and ruin my interest with my  
 “ countryfolks—Oot upon it, Sir Simon—  
 “ I have done with the faamily—I shall not  
 “ answer to the name any longer, and you  
 “ may depend upon it, this is the last visit  
 “ I shall pay my niece, unless I instantly  
 “ hear this shameful and filthy business is  
 “ given up.”

SIR SIMON. “ ’Tis premature, Madam  
 “ —you are, perhaps, misinformed.”

LADY DOROTHY. “ I say nau such  
 “ thing — my niece there says you have  
 “ given your sanction to it—I have done  
 “ with you, Sir Simon—your family is too  
 “ low for naubility — I have given up au  
 “ my time and politics for the making of  
 “ you — despicable return ! — Court at-  
 “ tendance, and au my connections, sacri-  
 “ ficed — An earldom, truly — Nau, nau,  
 “ Sir Simon ; your sentiments do not reach  
 “ above vulgarity, believe me.”

SIR SIMON. “ For God’s sake, Lady  
 “ Doro-

“ Dorothy, give up this old story about  
 “ naubility—drop this strum of Scotch va-  
 “ nity—my inclinations”——

LADY DOROTHY. Inclinations !—Nau,  
 “ I dare say they are too law for naubility  
 “ —but I assure you, Sir Simon, I have  
 “ done with you and your son, Edward—  
 “ as for Sophy, I may, perhaps —if she  
 “ preserves her mother’s decorum and faa-  
 “ mily respect,”—

SIR SIMON. “ My fortune, Lady Do-  
 “ rothy, will not expose me to your com-  
 “ passion. You should first be certain of  
 “ my inclinations before you pretend to  
 “ make me feel the denunciations of your  
 “ anger.”

LADY DOROTHY. “ Your sentiments  
 “ are staumped with vulgarity, Sir Simon.”

SIR SIMON. “ This freedom, Lady  
 “ Dorothy”——

LADY DOROTHY. “ Oh, niece, niece !  
 “ you are noo ruined indeed—’tis the last  
 “ visit

“ visit — Freedom ! — Give me leave, Sir  
 “ Simon, to tell you, that you have taken  
 “ a great freedom with my faamily. The  
 “ Murrays are not to be thus degraded.”

SIR SIMON. “ I wish, Madam, you  
 “ would tell me of the favours I have re-  
 “ ceived ; I may then, perhaps, suffer  
 “ myself to be controled by your threats.”

LADY DOROTHY. “ Favours ! — the  
 “ high haunour of a matrimonial alliance  
 “ with us. A great favour, Sir Simon,  
 “ give me leave to tell you ; nor should  
 “ my niece have given you her hand, if  
 “ she had not looked up to a better title  
 “ than that of a vulgar Kentish Baronet—  
 “ it has been your strange and unaccount-  
 “ able law and mean notions of indepen-  
 “ dance which has kept her from an equal  
 “ rank to mysel.”

SIR SIMON. “ Shaw ! No more of this  
 “ fulsome parade of Scotch vanity. Is not  
 “ a private gentleman”——

LADY DOROTHY. “ Nau”——

Sir

SIR SIMON. "Of as much"——

LADY DOROTHY. "Nau, nau fuch  
" thing. Your strange nautions over  
" again."

SIR SIMON. "My happiness in private  
" life"——

LADY DOROTHY. "Despicable"——

SIR SIMON. "Take care, Madam"—

LADY DOROTHY. "My niece is  
" ruined—I shall not have another oppor-  
" tunity, Sir Simon, to intrude."

SIR SIMON. "Your family rank, Lady  
" Dorothy, is misapplied and confounded  
" in your extravagant notions of superior  
" birth."

LADY DOROTHY. "Insult!—My spirit  
" will not brook it—You have brought  
" disgrace and beggary on your faamily,  
" Sir Simon, by the public education you  
" have

“ have bestowed on your gozling. There  
 “ is nothing learnt at our public schools  
 “ but savage notions of good breeding. I  
 “ shall not stay any longer to have my  
 “ rank vilified — My condescensions have  
 “ been already too much lavished upon  
 “ you.”

*[The bell here rang for her carriage, and  
 she left the house with the most inflexible  
 irascibility.]*

*Thi*



*This paper was collected from the Doctor's note book, and which I thought not inept to be introduced in this place.*

DOCTOR PHILPOT'S APOLOGY FOR LEAVING HIS PARISH.

WHEN I was presented to the rectory of \*\*\*\*\*, I took possession of it with a firm intention of residing among my parishioners, and proving myself, by an exemplary conduct and an active philanthropy, their real friend and zealous minister.

I had considered a country life, perhaps, in a pastoral sense as too inoffensive and primitive in its manners. Rapt with the delightful contemplation of living in a society of harmless neighbours, I had painted my residence in the parsonage as a peaceful retreat for literature and calm resignation to the

the meek duties which my profession exacted. Here I concluded all the disorderly passions, which are perpetually warring among the higher orders of society, would be suppressed by industry and frugal temperance. The plough would correct the boisterous passions of the heart ; and the day-labourer, on his hard fare, with spade and mattock, working off the gross impurities which surcharge the human soul, nursed in the lap of sloth, indolence, and pampered luxury. The spinning wheel at the door of the cottage, and the innocent maiden singing her blythe carrol to the linnets note, in chorus with the tribe of nature's inoffensive children, would fill my heart with a delightful contemplation of native purity.

Old age pressing beneath the burden of years—unlettered comfort ! No puzzling sophistry of schools to haunt its brain with syllogisms. No casuistical speculations on happiness. No parallels of sectaries—of Plato, Epicurus, or Socrates. No subtle reflections on the nature of soul—its material existence, its more sublime residence.

Religious

Religious controversies of modern times far from its quiet slumbers. His mind tutored in the doctrine of his forefathers, settled to an habitual rule of faith; and where his doubts might chance to flow to perplex his pensive moments, his delusions could be soon set right by the confidence he was taught to place in the long-accustomed rubric of his mother church.

Thus certain of my church being filled by the aged, I had no doubt but the younger class would flock to it by their example.

Frugality, temperance, and calm contentment, I thus conceived, would have crowned my parish with the palm of every sublunary virtue.

'Tis true, to the age of thirty, I had led the life of the fellow of a college—the world, in theory, I had contemplated—of a complection fond of books, I had taken most of my rules from them; and as this mind of a college life was to be exchanged for the road of church preferment, I had  
resolved.

resolved on fulfilling with an unwearied and regular consistency the life of a parish priest, and which my conscience had suggested as the fairest claim to state patronage.

When I made the grand tour with Sir Simon Hales, brother student, and of the same age and standing, our remarks were those of young people, with minds heated with novelty—a tour of friendship, not of speculation, or the study of man.

We carried with us no *album* to mark down our sentiments of men, manners, and the countries we travelled through—the objects were too novel, and our minds too juvenile for sage reflection. Thus I carried with me, on my return to England, no great store of human penetration to serve me in my retirement.

Alas! why were my eyes opened—the delusion was intoxicating.

After a residence of one year in my rectory, my retirement was invaded by a dispute

pute on the old subject of tythes—to contest a point ~~which~~<sup>where</sup> my sober parishioners would involve me in tedious lawsuits—it would disturb my peace with my harmless neighbours—I gave up the contest, and I was then acknowledged to be a man of a harmless, easy, and inoffensive temper.

But far from mitigating the cause of complaint, and of establishing a general satisfaction among the farmers, this prescience of my submission was followed by repeated murmurs, which at last broke out to the same species of cavil, and I was again involved in dispute.

The collection of tythes was now considered by the parish as an intolerable burden; and though I attempted to persuade them that their lands were tenable, and decreased in purchase on the contribution of this portion of the clergy's maintenance, I had still the mortification to find my argument treated with contempt, and the sacred character which I maintained turned into arrogance and pride—to an extortioner

tioner and greedy devourer of their landed produce.

I was now obliged to refer the point to arbitration ; but the arbiters were to be chosen by the farmers—Here again I was foiled ; and at last, after having been exposed to insult, and kept out of my annual payments, I was obliged, with the most painful reluctance, to submit my case to the decision of the law.

I gained my cause—but the consequence—My church was thinned of its flock—and I was now considered as a litigious, fly, and rapacious divine—and a long catalogue of crimes posted up against me.

If a friend spent a cheerful evening in my company, I was fond of the bottle ; and if I had a servant maid in the house with a clean cap and comely countenance, I was charged with breaking the commandment of St. Paul.

Marriage, doubtless, had its manifold attractions ; and I had thoughts of suppressing



ing the rash censure of evil tongues in my parish—But the proper choice of a companion was the next point.

Unused to the habits of gallantry, I had forgotten, in the gloom of my study, those acceptable graces to make my courtship successful.

I was also naturally reserved ; and as I had never made the polite attentions to the sex any part of my creed, I always felt the great superiority of beauty and female grace ; so that, in short, I always adored the sex in silence, and had no command of gallant expression to give a colourable pretext for my advances : had the ladies made the first overtures, perhaps my single state would have been altered ; yet as this was not concomitant with their delicacy, I even resolved to wait a more favourable revolution in these kind of worldly matters.

Thus loaded with unmerited reproach, I began to scan the failings of those by whom I had been so repeatedly accused. A kind of self justification had impelled me — it

was built upon the precept of our great ethical teacher.

Rustic vices now revealed themselves; and those foibles, or natural fraikies, which I had, in mild humanity and charitable forbearance, ascribed to undocumented innocence, were now tinged with low hypocrisy and collected design.

The village maid, in russet dress neat clad, could play the coquet with her swain as well as the town beauty of elegant pretension—she had the same art of captivating her swain, but unhappily with less prudence and decorum.

The swain, after a few months, was soon drummed out of the parish by a recruiting party, and the damsel, a short time afterwards, forced into an house of industry, where the offspring of rustic amours was provided for.

The alehouse, frequented by the sturdy champions to overcome the rector in his tythes, soon convinced me, that my op-

ponents were noisy drunkards and bad economists ; and their general complaint of bad harvests, heavy taxes, and church extortions, were always enumerated over their pots of ale ; but no reckoning kept of their idleness and extravagance.

From the repeated libations at the ale-house arose all my parochial dissensions.

In proportion as the ale was drawn, so increased their hatred against their rector, who was sure to be made the burden of their riotous conviviality.

This also engendered politicians, orators, projectors, and payers off of the national debt, who were as noisy in my parish as in the bosom of the capital. The papers were constantly read, and the exciseman, the usual oracle on these occasions, did not fail, as a true friend to government, to turn the minds of these constituents to his own party. But if, unhappily for his cause, there happened to dwell in the neighbourhood a family of the opposite side, whom the farmer supplied with the produce of his

II 2

land,

land, his vote was certain to be secured against him.

In short, I was now, with reluctance, obliged to confess, that human corruption might be found in a village as well as in the capital.

To paint the little and degenerate vices of the peasantry would degrade the pen of any writer.

To my grief I found they could be only awed into sobriety and virtue by fear—and to palliate with their excesses, was only to draw on me the character of a simple and hypocritic pastor.

All this may, perhaps, not accord with the delightful visions of those scriblers of romance, who portray the manners of the lower orders of the people in the amiable features of unspotted innocence; but I have endeavoured to speak the truth, and to shew that a country rector will not find a security against calumny and reproach by the most peaceful and exemplary conduct.

Thus perplexed and irritated, I was rejoiced to seek the hospitable roof of Sir Simon as an interregnum of parochial care, and equally rejoiced to accompany his son on his travels, to recover a fresh spring of action against the vexatious trials of a country clergyman's life.

H 3

THE

## THE TOUR.

**B**EFORE our departure I found the report of young Jekyll's expence and gallantry was not exaggerated; and in this the officious tattle of Miss Elizabeth Cornwall did not serve a little to avert my mother's wishes from the alliance.

Nor as Sophy had expressed the least approbation of this overture, my mind was composed on the subject.

The lady, on whom he was lavishing a profusion of expence, had figured in the meridian of distinguished fashion. While in their zenith, her charms had led captive Dukes, Peers, and Commoners, in whose equipages she had variously wheeled. Some of our great heads of law had bartered their wisdom for her favours, and one of  
our



our noble Admirals had tarnished his naval uniform by his effeminate attachment to her person. It was surmised that his passion for this lady had superseded the glory of achieving fresh laurels in the services of his country ; for the veteran anchor of naval honour had been moored in the haven of luxury, and on the coast of Cyprus during the greatest part of the war.

Her capricious extravagance had been too fatally signalised at the expence of her admirers. Their fortunes were not princely enough to withstand the shocks of her continual demands ; and though her beauty might for a while convince them that the arms of a fine woman were to be coveted in preference to the treasures of an empire, a little time effaced the novelty, and she had the mortification to find that her gallants had retired before the wreck of their fortunes had been compleated.

The marks of levity and dissipation had now made their appearance on her features, and she was obliged to spread her lures for the young amateur, who might be caught

in the vanity of possessing a lady of her celebrity and fashion. Young Jekyll seemed the youth to be the easiest caught; and as she was soon persuaded his fortune and inexperience would be equal to her plans of extravagance and temporary attachment, so she had laid close siege to the youth, and soon made him surrender to her empire.

On this lady, Jekyll was squandering his fortune; nor was his vanity a little delighted with the thoughts of being pointed out as a youth of so much gallantry and unrivalled *eclat*.

From the day on which the Cornwall party had dined with our family, not a syllable had transpired concerning their resolutions.

I had imposed on my heart a severe and scarce endurable law to depart the kingdom, without enquiring into the melancholly situation of the lovely Amelia; and it was with pain indiscrivable I was forced to hear the Doctor's argument and philosophy.

sophy. My once-loved friend and inseparable companion, her brother, had not been near me since he left our house with an apparent resentment.

Thus, with a mind perplexed, and teeming with sorrow and anxiety, I left England. The object a change of scene, to operate a change of sentiment, to store my mind with fresh images, to unveil the mystery of my conduct with the daughter of Underwood, and to find whether my heart had the same fervour of prepossession in her favour.

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We had arrived at Chantilly. The post horses were every one demanded by the Prince de C——, to accommodate a party of nobles and gentry who had been amusing themselves at a *fête* in his palace, and who were about to leave it to their respective homes. We were in consequence detained several hours.

A set of horses had arrived, and we were preparing to leave the place, when we observed a carriage and four to enter the town with unusual celerity, in which were seated two ladies and, apparently, an attendant.

One of whom was somewhat advanced in years, and the other, apparently by her shape, very young: having gauze travelling veils over their faces, we could only discern a faint resemblance of their features; the youngest seemed handsome, and her person uncommonly graceful when she got out of the carriage.

They pressed much for post horses; and as the postmaster seemed to espouse their cause, we were prevailed on by his entreaties to yield our right of horses to them; and to this we freely gave our consent, for the sake of strolling to the palace, and viewing the environs of the town.

In the course of a few hours after their departure we had been informed, when we returned from our walk, that a gentleman had entered the town with the same compliment

pliment of horses with equal expedition ; and, from his eager enquiries after the ladies, to whom we had yielded our right of horses, we had reason to suppose must have been in pursuit of them. Our curiosity, therefore, was not a little excited.

Our absence from the posthouse had been a considerable time ; fresh horses had arrived ; and as the postmaster conjectured, from our readiness to oblige the ladies, who had solicited his preference, that we had no great concern to be forwarded with much haste, so he had suffered the gentleman to make use of the supply.

On our enquiries, and from the natural penetration of a French postmaster, we found the travellers to be in pursuit of each other, and our curiosity was not a little excited.

Having left Chantilly on our route to Paris, the situation of the travelling parties at this place did not a little engage our speculations, and we felt ourselves considerably interested in their fate.

On our arrival at Paris we immediately repaired to the house of Mrs. Gordon—but judge of our wonder and astonishment—the ladies had left Paris the day preceding.

Our enquiries were directed to an old woman, who was left in the house. The information we received was, that they had returned from the opera a few evenings before their departure in the greatest possible consternation. That in the course of the day following a gentleman had made his appearance at the house, and was received by Mrs. Gordon; seemed much to importune the ladies, and that Mrs. Gordon, who had some time before meditated a visit to England, resolved on leaving Paris earlier than she intended, to get out of the way of his troublesome visits.

What were our sentiments on this report may be readily collected from the travellers whom we saw at Chantilly. Could we have entertained any other conjecture but they were Fanny and Mrs. Gordon? And when, especially having been told that the  
intrusive



intrusive gentleman had made his appearance on the morning of their departure, we formed conclusions that he very readily would gain intelligence from the post-house; and as the police of Paris was so very rigid and exact, there could be no difficulty in finding out the route which they had taken, and that the gentleman whom we had so obligingly accommodated with our turn of post horses, could have been no other.

To divine the cause of their alarms, and to discover the person, our time would not admit of. The old woman said he was young and comely, and that she believed his impetuous pursuit was directed towards Fanny Underwood.

I knew Fitz Morris to have been on the Continent—his time, as well as that of the Viscount, his father, was divided equally between London and Paris; and with these reflections I had suffered the impression to have its full effect, concluding she had been accidentally discovered by the rash gallant admirer, and that, in all probability,  
the

the most dreadful effects might result from the event.

My mind thus receiving a stimulus to action, the melancholy which had taken possession of me seemed to yield to the interest which I had in the fate of Fanny.

There is a prompt spirit of generosity in youth which rushes on to glory in every shape which can present itself. She was in danger — my heart was recovering all its former energy — There was a zest of the tender passion afresh alighted up in it — I saw an elegant form descend from the carriage — my curiosity to see the change in this early darling of my choice.

And as the devious mind of youth had oftentimes accused me in the sober moments of reflection, at this moment I felt the pure flame rekindled, and the most impulsive resolution rush on my soul to expiate the guilty meandering.

“ This instant, dear Doctor, let us pursue  
your

“ your sister and the devoted Fanny— Ac-  
 “ cursed wretch ! — abandoned libertine ! ”

I was thus loading Fitz Morris with the most execrating epithets.

Reproved by Philpot, he said it was only conjecture on which I had founded suspicions — and he strongly urged the necessity of finding out his father to discover the real truth, which, he said, might be done by sending to our ambassador’s.

“ And what necessity ? ” I replied. “ Age  
 “ has always some cold lesson of prudence  
 “ to instill before it enters on action, and  
 “ the blow is rendered indecisive because  
 “ it wants expedition.”

“ No, Doctor ; there is no time to be  
 “ lost. She is pursued by a wretch who  
 “ seeks her perdition ; and whether Fitz  
 “ Morris, or any other, what boots it to  
 “ the gallant mind which is desirous of  
 “ rescuing a virtuous woman from distress ?  
 “ We have no time to lose, so let us make  
 “ good our pursuit.”

I urged

I urged the Doctor to send back to the posthouse for horses. He assented; but being not a little deranged by the fatigue of our journey, he would willingly have procrastinated my resolution. I urged him to remain at Paris. This proposition was refused, and, discovering every mark of anxiety for my situation, he insisted on bearing me company.

During our consultation at the house of Mrs. Gordon, a carriage of distinction drove up to the door. A young gentleman of the most polished figure was seated in it, who, hearing from the servant that Mrs. Gordon and her niece had the day before left Paris, (for it was by this appellation that Fanny was received in the circles of her acquaintance) his countenance discovered every emotion of distress.

Seeing us coming out of the house, he ordered his servant to open the carriage door; and, jumping out with the greatest confidence, he approached us with little or no ceremony.

“ *Apara.* ”

“ *Aparentement vous etes les compatriotes de Madame & Mademoiselle ;*” desirous of knowing whether we were English, which, doubtless, our appearance sufficiently indicated.

To this question I replied in the affirmative ; and, in tolerable French for an Englishman, who had never been out of his own country before, I as confidently and as peremptorily enquired of him the business he had with the ladies.

A spark of jealousy had that instant lighted up my soul.

“ Coquette !” I instantly ejaculated.

“ Ah !—hence your letter of denial,  
“ Madam — hence all your haste to know  
“ if my heart had retained its antient inclinations — hence your inquisitive discovery of my visits in the Cornwall family.”

The splendid Parisian fired on my interrogatory.

The

The house of Mrs. Gordon, he warmly said, was no inquisition ; nor till he was obliged to appear before the tribunal of his country should he condescend to answer the insolence of an English stranger.

This language he accompanied with a glance at his equipage—to impose on me the superiority of his rank, perhaps.

Conflicting sentiments of love and indignation were now alternately rising—Thus besieged with this tempest in my bosom, I little regarded the effrontery of a pert *petit maitre*.

I replied, that being interested in the fate of the ladies, I should not regard the propriety of those questions which could lead to their discovery, and that the words of insolent English stranger could only be applied where they was merited ; and therefore, treating his anger with scorn, I desired he would not put himself to any farther trouble in altercating the affair.

In short, my spirits were vibrating on  
another



another object ; and to dispute was only losing that time which I wished now to employ in a different cause.

Phillip, my servant, was dispatched for our travelling carriage and a set of post horses. We were to wait at the house their arrival.

This rival, (for my vivacious temper had so painted him,) with the firmness of *hauteur*, and a tone of French nobility, insisted on knowing my business in Paris, and threatened to have me conducted before the police to give an account of the departure of the ladies.

“*Elle est donc partie—Ciel!*” Impassioned transports now escaped him—he raved round the room.

Doctor Philpot finding the dispute likely to terminate in a fatal manner to one or other of us, insisted on being heard, and, approaching me, earnestly entreated me not to reply.

I was

I was not armed—my opponent was—  
but my spirit was prepared to hazard my  
breast to his naked weapon.

“ Sir,” Doctor Philpot addressing him,  
“ we are this instant arrived in Paris from  
“ England. The lady of the house, Mrs.  
“ Gordon, is my sister. We are interested  
“ in the fate of the ladies, and are now  
“ on the point of pursuing them. The  
“ cause of your interest in their favour be-  
“ comes you now to explain—suffer me,  
“ therefore, to enquire your name, and the  
“ reason why you have thus behaved to  
“ this English gentleman whom I accom-  
“ pany with unpardonable severity.”

“ I am the Count de Montauban. I  
“ adore Mademoiselle Gordon. I am of  
“ the first families in the kingdom—

“ *Elle est ma maitresse.*”

At these words I flew on his throat—a  
scuffle ensued—I snatched his sword from  
the scabbard, and held it over him.

The

The noise brought in his attendants — Philpot, armed with a tolerable strong cane, threatened to lay about him with all the power he was able, should the least offers of violence be made.

The servants retired.

Montauban discovered in his countenance the impressions of the most tremendous rage—he was prepared to rush on my sword.

“ Stop, Sir,” I replied. “ I am no assassin—give me your word, and we may then receive a reciprocal satisfaction.

“ I am prepared to meet you with any arms you propose.”

“ Who are you, Sir ?” he ejaculated with the most indignant climax.

At this instant my carriage drove up to the door—I told him my name—He knew I was a gentleman.

The

The tear was in Philpot's eye. A blow in France must not be forgiven.

Montauban dropped cool—he was satisfied with my proposition—I gave him his sword.

He asked me if I was acquainted with Fitz-Morris. I answered in the affirmative.

'Twas him, he said, who was the cause of the ladies departure.

His execrations now followed upon him, and, he said, if he survived my sword, he would give him defiance.

“ *La belle Gordon,*” he again ejaculated,  
“ *charmante fille—vous etes donc arraché—*  
“ *perdue à jamais.*”

Similar effusions from time to time escaped him; and as often as the impassioned transport vibrated on my heart-strings, I could have sprung upon him with the Nemean lion's strength, and have  
torn

torn from his breast the cause of his impetuous anguish.

But that Fanny Underwood should have imparted a hope to the Count, excited fresh indignation against her. The sentiment fired the latent passion in my heart. The passive—the child of immaculate sentiment!—The sex are natural coquettes—Ambition too—the Count's figure—Ah! it was too obvious her heart had experienced a change—and Mrs. Gordon, perhaps, had encouraged her notions.

The Count said, Fitz-Morris had abruptly left the opera the night she was there—she had been pointed out by him.

His visits, he knew, had been received—perhaps he might have been too successful.

Again new passions were tormenting my breast—accursed moments!—Existence I no longer cherished—Death could never have approached with a welcome more truly sincere.

In

In my own country I had torn myself from the arms of ineffable female sweetness—Miss Cornwall was admired—'twas the natural consequence of absence from the object of early election—against the *belle passion* I had combated with heroic fortitude—I had triumphed—Was it to encourage the prepossession for my Fanny?—To wait the returning impulse—to suffer the generous sentiments of my soul to expand—soaring beyond the dull interested prejudices of life—to cherish every transcendant impulse which love engendered, and to foster that happiness which is allied to the first principles of existence?

In a moment this aspiring sentiment of love is dashed to the ground, a mental disorder takes possession of me—I am exposed to the storm in all its majesty of terror—'twas a noble rashness and existence seemed to move with the most oppressive burden.

As the Count grew more calm, the Doctor approached, and a conversation commenced, mitigating some of the past severity exchanged between us.

He



He was sorry for the hasty offence he had been surprised into, and he confessed, that my resentment was noble and becoming a gentleman.

He was now desirous we should exchange forgiveness, and earnestly requested Montauban to be reconciled. That could not be—a blow was not to be forgiven.

He gave me his address—my honour insisted on giving him a meeting—and he left us.

I gave orders for the carriage to return to the hotel; and the morning following, at an early hour, we were to meet in some grounds near *l'Ecole militaire*.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE OF HUMAN  
EVENTS.

AFTER our return to the hotel, we had learnt that Montauban was of the first families in the kingdom; and our host having his house frequented by persons of rank, we soon acquired the fullest information on the subject.

A report had prevailed for some time that the young Count had an intrigue with a young English lady of great beauty, much to the disapprobation of his family; but his visits having been repeated very often, and the young lady treated with all imaginable respect in the first public assemblies, it was considered that his views were honourable, and the marriage day at no great distance.

On

On this information the Doctor's conceptions on the conduct of his sister, and the discretion of Fanny, were taking a different channel, and we both soon entertained the most unfavourable suspicions of their integrity on the avowal of their motives concerning my betrothed promise.

The evening was now thickening upon us.

To see the son of his old-cherished friend thus exposed to the sanguinary resentment of a foreigner almost bowed him to the earth. Naturally generous and brave, he was inspired with the same sentiments which had operated on my resolutions.

He would not see me degraded in the estimation of a gallant mind, nor would he suffer me to be precipitated into any rash enterprise. Yet what account could he give his friend of the fate of an only son? Should he fall in the conflict—terrible sensations to a humane and generous mind!

My disappointment in not pursuing Fanny was increased in proportion as the  
I 2
chance

chance diminished of arriving at the true history of her connection with the Count de Montauban.

A rival—'tis true I was to consider him as such—but what conduct on her side—had I not every reason to consider this connection with the Count as a long-preconcerted plot?—Fanny Underwood the mistress of a high-flown Paris Count of the first blood!—followed in all public places—the conversation of the town—admitted on the honourable pretensions of matrimony. Strange reverse, and a singular retort on my wavering inclination—yet, considered as submissive to my resolution, I felt my pride alarmed—it was a competition which caused a momentary resentment, but which added dignity to passion—a value—a greater price fixed on female perfection.

The Doctor now palliated—assured me we were too impetuous in our conceptions—his thoughts were tinged with compunction. We had judged with too much precipitation, and it became us, he said,

to

to wait with patience the end of Fitz-Morris's pursuit.

Every hope which a sound mind and inflexible virtue could produce in us should be encouraged, and it therefore became us to submit to providential interference.

But the thoughts of my duel with Montauban dispersed our philosophy and our mitigating argument.

The Doctor's eyes were fixed on the ground; he seemed enveloped in perplexity, and a mournful silence. Our souls were powerfully affected on this occasion—yet our resolutions were fixed.

'Tis true the affair might have been treated as rash, juvenile, and unwarrantable—many reflections might palliate—religion could not justify it—yet some events were arbitrary, and superseded all our maxims of caution. As for myself, my soul was too heavily engaged in a conflict of passion to regard any reason which the

noble spirit of the Doctor had to offer in the critical situation of our affairs.

A youth entering life would naturally draw upon him the notice of his equals, and his actions scrutinised in the circles of his acquaintance would soon receive the colour of evil report—unless in the trying scenes of his conduct his virtue, firmness, and magnanimity, were proof against the wanton attacks of malevolence—one efficient struggle, and the character would be marked—the conduct of youth must not be equivocal—What are all the pleasing appendages of life without respect? The contempt of society—my spirit rose indignant.

Similar thoughts influenced the mind of the Doctor—but this essay of courage and constancy he adjudged a terrible infliction; it bowed down his spirit.

“ Mr. Hales,” exclaimed he, raising his head from a stupor, “ I will accompany  
 “ you. This cloth is not seemly for the en-  
 “ terprise, nor are my years on an equality  
 “ with



“ with it : however, we must not be  
 “ daunted ; I will accompany you to the  
 “ field.

“ Montauban is a youth of figure—the  
 “ affair must not be trifled with—were he  
 “ to triumph over your relaxation of spirit,  
 “ the story would travel soon to our ac-  
 “ quaintance at home, and all the exag-  
 “ geration which falsity and malignity  
 “ could devise would be invented to sink  
 “ your name in obloquy.

“ Would Sir Simon suffer his son to  
 “ exist under this reproach ?

“ 'Tis education ! —These sentiments  
 “ are produced by the superior acquisition  
 “ of knowledge — Arbitrary law of civil  
 “ society ! — Religion disavows it — Alas !  
 “ it will not admit of argument—To avoid  
 “ these attacks of misfortune, unavoidable  
 “ in our transition through life — No pru-  
 “ dence, no foresight of human fragility  
 “ can parry these encounters.”

Thus, with similar disjointed reflections,

we were seated opposite to each other in the hotel, when Philip entered to inform us, that two persons were in the house, who were making interrogatories concerning us.

A few minutes brought the host into our apartments, who, with an hesitating voice, and with respect considerably abated, told us the officers of police were in his house, and that we must prepare to follow them. He was very much mortified — *bien mortifié*, he said, to deliver these orders; but the safety of his own person would be hazarded if he did not see them obeyed.

Our astonishment raised, we desired to know what complaint was made against us. This he could not answer, but he would order the gentleman into our presence, when we might put our interrogatories ourselves; therefore, immediately leaving us, two men entering the room, told us we must prepare to follow them.

Resistance, we thought, would be rash and in vain; and well knowing the history of the police of Paris, we judged it more prudent

prudent to wait the issue of this business with suitable firmness. That Montauban was the instigator of this procedure, we had no doubt; and our alarms increased in proportion to the importance of his family and connections.

There was a mystery in the appearance of the two men; but we desired to know whither we were to be conducted. To this the most unsatisfactory answers were given.

Their power being disputed by the Doctor as a precaution against imposition, we were threatened with an immediate appeal to the power of the *marachouffé*. If we were not culpable in the eye of the police, in a short time, they assured us, we should be liberated; but that, in virtue of their office, they were bound to conduct us before a higher power.

After this address the Doctor and myself arose, and we left the hotel. Having traversed several streets, we were conducted to an obscure opening near the banks of

the Seine--Our guides now gave an alarm--  
 “ *à nous,*” they cried, when two persons  
 rushed upon us with swords.

The Doctor received a thrust through his arm, and myself, having parried my adversary with a cane in my hand, I had the good fortune, after a second lunge, which I parried with my left hand, to run the point of my cane into his face. This caused the assassin to retreat several paces.

The Doctor finding himself considerably wounded, and without the possibility of defending himself, cried out repeatedly for help. The wound through his arm had been received in such a manner as caused the villain's sword to be somewhat entangled in his coat; and the precaution which he made use of was, to parry with his hat, through which he had received several thrusts, and a slight wound in his body.

In a few seconds he had the good fortune to find the point of this assassin's sword received by the weapon of a generous  
 stranger,

stranger, who, after a few passes, the villain cried out, "he was killed," and he staggered on the side of a wall. My shouts were now heard, and the stranger springing to my quarter, made up to my opponent, whose weapon I had hitherto parried with considerable firmness, and having received only a few trifling cuts on my hand. The fellow, seeing me thus seconded, fled with precipitation: we pursued with equal pace, and shouted for the assistance of passengers. In short, we soon overtook the fellow, who earnestly implored us to spare his life.

The generous stranger made him give up his sword, and, with each a hand on his collar, we conducted him to the spot where we had been first encountered. Several persons were now assembled — the Doctor we found surrounded.

The two men who had conducted us to the spot had fled on the first surprisal of the murderers.

Lights were soon produced — the  
I 6 wounded

wounded man sunk on the ground, and expired with a horrid groan.

The Doctor bled considerably — a surgeon was instantly sent for.

On the appearance of lights our friendly liberator ran up immediately to Doctor Philpot, leaving the prisoner to my care.

“ Dear Sir, you do not know me. I  
“ hope you are not dangerously hurt —  
“ what a meeting ! ”

The fellow whom we had secured taking the advantage of his situation, and, perhaps, of my astonishment in seeing a countryman, which he thought favourable for an escape, who was our defender on this very interesting occasion, broke from my hold, and fled with precipitation to a parapet wall on the side of the Seine, which, not being very high, he soon contrived to leap over it to a considerable depth, down on the strand of the river, whither it was not possible to pursue him without great hazard.

“ The



The Doctor exclaimed “ Samuel,  
 “ Is it you?—Powerful heavens!—the boy  
 “ has been our deliverer.”

To my great amazement, who should I now see before me but Samuel Underwood. Had the planets dropped from their spheres the surprise of man could not have made him stand more aghast—Samuel Underwood, my friend, in this horrid scene of villany!—How!—whence?—wonderful!

A considerable number of persons were now gathered round us. They saw we were strangers—and being unarmed, our misfortune was openly espoused—the dead man was removed to a particular quarter of the town where bodies are deposited to be owned. We gave them the address of our hotel; and, after having recited to them the history of the event, we made the best of our way from the ground.

The precaution we made use of with the Doctor, was to bind his arm above the wound to stop the effusion of blood; and in this condition we moved slowly on,  
 6 when

when we were soon overtaken by the surgeon, who, a dapper, spruce, little frippery creature, skipped up to us with the bow of an opera dancer, and begging to know which of the *Monseurs* it was who had been run through the body.

The Doctor holding his hand upon the wound, on his side collapsed the lips of it in such a manner as admitted of his walking without any considerable effusion of blood; and as a *fiacre*, or hackney coach, was at no great distance, we got into it with the surgeon, and we were soon set down at the hotel.

Our anxiety to know the state of the Doctor's wound in his side made the little meagre surgeon rise in his importance, and, finding we were Englishmen, his assiduity was redoubled.

Having undergone the probe, with much significance, and his lank face drawn down, he requested the Doctor might be immediately put to bed, and, having laid on his  
first

first dressing, he gravely pronounced his case very critical ; but to this assertion the composed face of the Doctor gave a flat contradiction—barring the hurry and the loss of blood, which caused a little faintness, he had very few symptoms of approaching mortality about him.

SCENE

## SCENE IN THE HOTEL CONTINUED.

WE were now restored to a state of calmness. A most excellent supper was set before us to refresh upon from the fatigues of our journey, and the escape from the tragedy which had likely to have befallen us. My amazement in beholding young Underwood in the situation was still increased, and the desire of a solution most impatiently accompanied every word and ejaculation which I uttered.

The youth who was seated opposite to me, the wonderful deliverer from the hands of an assassin, impressed my mind with the most visionary conceptions. He was habited in all the fashion of modern French elegance—his manners corresponding with his appearance.

“How is this?” I emphatically exclaimed

claimed — “Satisfy me, Sir, with the cause  
“ of your appearance in this place at a mo-  
“ ment so peculiarly interesting.”

While I was making these interrogatories the Doctor seemed rapt in an extraordinary pleasure in beholding his person and graceful manners; and no less visible was delight and unutterable goodness of heart depicted in the countenance of my old acquaintance, Samuel.

“ Answer, Sir,” replied the Doctor, addressing himself to him. “ You have now  
“ my leave to divulge the mystery.”

“ Then know, Mr. Hales, I am beholden to the generosity and patronage  
“ of Doctor Philpot for my present appearance.

“ For these several years I have been in  
“ a course of education at the university of  
“ Oxford, whither I was sent by my father on the advice of the Doctor  
“ who, finding I had a natural turn for  
“ study, has raised me beyond that of the  
“ humble

“ humble station which the moderate  
“ views of my father had traced out”——

Here the Doctor interrupted him.

“ Mr. Hales, this young man had the  
“ natural endowments of a gentleman—  
“ my penetration soon discovered in him  
“ the same capacity and delicacy of  
“ thought as his twin sister, Frances—the  
“ unequal allotment on her side would im-  
“ pair the natural affection of brother and  
“ sister—to render, therefore, their affor-  
“ tments through life equal to each other,  
“ I have made him heir to my own pa-  
“ ternal fortune, and to that sum of money  
“ which the superfluities of life have put  
“ me in possession of—as the elder son  
“ also to his father, his income will be  
“ proportionate to the sentiments which I  
“ have inculcated in him.

“ With your good father, Sir, I have a  
“ similarity of sentiment not founded on  
“ mere caprice, or a whimsical kind of  
“ conceit, which superficial observers may  
“ lay to both our charges, but from a ra-  
“ tional



“ tional and digested system on the study  
 “ of human nature. Thus, Sir, I have  
 “ been engaged in the education and train-  
 “ ing of Mr. Underwood, and I now pre-  
 “ sent him to you in every sense worthy of  
 “ your confidence and friendship in the  
 “ character of a gentleman—the accom-  
 “ plished scholar—your own heart, Mr.  
 “ Hales—your own heart, Sir, I think,  
 “ will henceforward confer upon him, for  
 “ his fortunate and very singular services  
 “ of this night, an appellation of a more  
 “ noble and intimate nature”

“ My saviour,” I replied ; and at this  
 instant rising from my seat, I clasped the  
 accomplished youth to my breast.

The Doctor now desired him to continue.

“ I have been,” resumed Samuel,  
 “ these twelve months at Lisle, in Flan-  
 “ ders, applying myself to the study of a  
 “ military life. On my return to England  
 “ Doctor Philpot had promised to pur-  
 “ chase me a commission in one of the re-  
 “ giments of foot guards; and to render  
 “ my

“ my entry pleasing to my own feelings,  
 “ and of equal respectability to the  
 “ corps, I have been promised, by his  
 “ interest, the countenance and patronage  
 “ of a great personage, under whose influ-  
 “ ence I am to be introduced.

“ It was at Lisle, Sir, under a skilful  
 “ master, I learnt the use of the sword,  
 “ which has been of such essential service  
 “ to me in the happy issue of the dreadful  
 “ business I have been engaged in this  
 “ night.

“ There I received a letter from the  
 “ Doctor, which announced your arrival  
 “ at Paris on this day, and which, speci-  
 “ fying the hotel you were to arrive at, I  
 “ was enjoined to meet you. Here, Sir,  
 “ the Doctor promised to initiate me into  
 “ an interesting secret of your family—  
 “ here, Sir, was to be divulged a circum-  
 “ stance which was to affect my happiness,  
 “ or misery, hereafter—here, Sir”——

But his swelling heart suppressed a farther recital.

In

In short, he had arrived at the hotel a few minutes after we had left it, in company with the treacherous confederates of the villains who were posted for our assassination; and a lay lacquay, or servant for hire—a class of people usually waiting at the hotels in Paris to offer their servitude to strangers—had pointed out to him the direction we had taken.

Remarkable coincidence of human affairs, and evidently marked by the superior interference of providential succour.

Doctor Philpot was now preparing to partake of some refreshment from our table, which our servant, Philip, was handing, when a tap at the door announced an apothecary, who had been dispatched by the surgeon, to visit his patient.

On enquiry we found this to be a Paris custom, and, doubtless, indispensable, as being rich Englishmen. The apothecary being permitted to feel the Doctor's pulse, he pronounced them full, and, in his present situation, dangerous; it was therefore  
adviseable

adviseable that he should enter on a regimen till such time as the suppuration of his wounds had taken place, lest inflammation might be brought on ; in this case he was absolutely forbid to taste of meat, and advised to proceed to enter on every necessary evacuation to lower his habit.

This prescription was, doubtless, adjudged a great severity in the state of a man in perfect health, and which brought on a kind of remonstrance between him and Doctor Philpot.

The apothecary, finding his physical sagacity somewhat doubted by him, absolutely refused to give him any farther attendance, unless the physician was sent for, which, he observed, was the regular routine of medicinal practice at Paris ; and surprised to find this had not been before thought of, left the room, muttering the impossibility of any farther attendance till the judgement of a physician should have been taken.

The Doctor being corpulent, and find-  
ing

ing by the surgeon's probe that his wounds were only fleshy, smiled at the interested assiduity of the Paris faculty, and jocosely partook of the supper. When entering into council for the operations of the ensuing morning, it was judged necessary that Samuel, myself, and Philip, should proceed, well armed with swords and pistols, to give Montauban the meeting.

This precaution was necessary, as the *rencontre* over night manifested a plot of villany on the side of the Count; and as a similar attack might be made, we had the power of defence in our hands.

To meet him on fair terms was not my intention—the treachery combined against us demanded first an explanation—an evidence for the interference of a French court of justice was wanting—the surviving assassin was fled—no confession—the affair must remain inexplicable.

The ground, preconcerted for our meeting, had been fixed upon at a small distance from the *Ecole militaire*; thither, on

the ensuing morning, we rendezvoused, and, after waiting a short space of time, we observed the Count approaching with his second.

The Count moved his hat to me on his approach ; but the salutation was not returned on my side. Fired with this indignity, he instantly put his hand on his sword, and, advancing briskly, insisted on my drawing.

“ No, Sir,” I replied ; “ unless you can  
 “ prove your claim to an honourable satisfaction, I shall regard you as unworthy any opposition on the side of my  
 “ weapon.”

I then briefly recapitulated the event of the over-night, and shewed him the wounds on my hand, which rendered the use of my sword impossible. In truth, my hand had been so completely hacked and mangled, that the use of it was entirely lost.

This he regarded as an excuse to fight him ; and having loaded me with the most unjusti-



unjustifiable opprobrium, he seemed resolved to commit a desperate attack by approaching me with his sword.

But Samuel springing forward again my champion, insisted on his retiring. This brought forward Montauban's second, and we found ourselves on the eve of a desperate onset — when presenting a pistol, and ordering Philip to do the same, our adversaries were completely foiled. They retreated with alacrity, and the rancour of their epithets became instantaneously silent.

We now observed an elderly gentleman and his servant galloping up to us — “*Mon fils, mon fils,*” he shouted — “*arête, maudit garçon !*”

It was the father of Montauban.

He approached me — “Sir,” says he, “you have my protection—He is always engaged in some unfortunate dispute— I have heard of your disaster last night —the *scelerat*—the wretch who escaped that punishment which his unfortunate

VOL. II.                      K                      “comrade

“ comrade merited, has confessed the hor-  
 rid deed he was suborned to perpetrate—  
 “ My son is innocent of the plot against  
 “ your lives ; but his violent temper has  
 “ justly merited my indignation.”

In short, this respectable nobleman made  
 me an ample atonement for the alarming  
 attack which we had encountered. It  
 seems his servants had overheard the dis-  
 pute in the house of Mrs. Gordon ; and  
 being alarmed for the safety of their master,  
 had divulged the affair to a celebrated  
 courtezane, on whom the young Count had  
 lavished much splendor. This lady, re-  
 solved to prevent any disaster happening to  
 her gallant in the field of honour, had de-  
 vised the iniquitous means of cutting us  
 off by the hands of two assassins, whom  
 she had bribed for the purpose. The po-  
 lice having found a note in the pocket of  
 the unhappy wretch who had fallen by Sa-  
 muel’s sword, led to a complete discovery,  
 and of the detection of his comrade, who  
 had made a confession of the business.

And such was the vigilance of the ac-  
 tive

tive police of Paris, that the whole was brought to light a few hours after the fray.

Under these circumstances the young Count de Montauban seemed uncommonly repentant for the unfair and dangerous situation which we had been exposed to on his account ; and was now desirous, through the mediation of his father, to terminate the difference perfectly to our satisfaction.

On our return to the hotel we were stricken with the sight of a physician, apothecary, and surgeon, attending their patient, Doctor Philpot, who was in the highest possible good humour, with unusual flow of spirits in beholding our return, and hearing in a few words how we had settled the affair which had taken place between me and Montauban.

The physician, who assured, us with the importance of his profession, that he was of the Academy de Sceances, observed, that the Doctor's hilarity arose from a considerable degree of fever, and that it was absolutely necessary for his constitution to

be lowered, lest inflammation might ensue in the wounded parts.

It was now the apothecary's turn to direct his questions to the patient, who begged to know whether he had persevered in the regimen which had been prescribed to him over-night ; and if he had drank of the *tisane*. To this Doctor Philpot replied, that, as an Englishman, a hot supper was irresistible, and that most assuredly he had drank his wine, and partaken of his ragout ; and unless the Paris faculty had sufficient skill to operate his cure, without the trouble of obliging him to adhere to such a rigid regimen as they recommended, he must even trust to his fate.

For his own part, he found his wounds had no tendency to inflammation, and his body, from temperance, though not self-denial, being, in his opinion, every way conducive to his speedy restoration, he could not think of impairing it by a system of abstinence, which, in all likelihood, would

oblige him to keep his room much longer than was necessary.

That whenever his wounds gave any indication of a bad habit of body, he would very readily attend to their counsel; but that, in their present state, he begged he might be permitted to eat, drink, and laugh, at his leisure.

The faculty here began to assume a *tone*, and, and with their usual cant, observed, as he did not chuse to be governed by the knowledge of their profession, they would be under the necessity of taking their leave; for as in the case of persevering in his own system they could not be answerable for the consequences of their attendance, they must not therefore suffer the merit of their professional characters to be disputed.

To this the Doctor assented, and desiring they would all be pleased to accept of a remuneration for their trouble, opened his purse, and shewed them the door. This resolute conduct caused the physician to enter on an explanation, and, doubtless,

which would have soon produced a modification in their rigid form of practice—but which the Doctor not chusing to hear, he dismissed them all without any farther parly.

“ And now, dear Edward,” says he,  
 “ my reason is this :— These scoundrels  
 “ thrive most by the complaints of their  
 “ healthy patients. Unlike the integrity  
 “ of the faculty of eminence in our own  
 “ kingdom, they amuse them with hy-  
 “ pocritic and sophistical declamations  
 “ of their profession, and with the ex-  
 “ aggerated history of their disorders,  
 “ till such time as they are completely  
 “ thrown into some hypocondrical or ner-  
 “ vous affection ; and to fix this very be-  
 “ neficial disorder, they never fail to re-  
 “ commend a total change from the ordi-  
 “ nary course of life of their patients—the  
 “ certain means of imparing their consti-  
 “ tution. Thus they increase their im-  
 “ portance in the opinion of the unhappy  
 “ wretches who have been weak enough to  
 “ be fascinated with their arguments, and  
 “ retire



“ retire from their presence, laughing at  
 “ their credulity, and hugging themselves  
 “ with the self applause of riding in their  
 “ chariots at their expence.

“ The surgeon, the apothecary, and  
 “ physician — at Paris this — the regular  
 “ routine of attendance — Ask the reason —  
 “ ’tis the custom ; and as a rich English-  
 “ man, for the honour of your country,  
 “ you must conform — but how is this mat-  
 “ ter contrived with the Parisians them-  
 “ selves ? — you shall hear.”

Monfieur the hote was now ordered into  
 our presence — the dilemma of the Doctor  
 was explained.

“ *Eh quoi faire, Monsieur ?* ” — ’Tis the  
 custom with strangers — “ *On ne visite pas*  
 “ *chez nous sans conte* ” — They must pay  
 for their curiosity in vifing Paris.

“ I have paid for it,” fays Philpot,  
 “ with a thruft through my arm, and one  
 “ through my fide.”

This was a species of rhetoric which had its effect.

The sagacious Doctor observed, that his visits in France were not intended to dissect the character of the nation too minutely, and to be too æconomical of his purse—his fee to the gentleman whom he dismissed would aver this was not his cue—all he wanted was a speedy restoration.

“ Now, Mr. the Hote, suppose you was  
“ run through the body, who would you  
“ employ ? ”

“ *Allés,*” he ejaculated, “ *il faut se*  
“ *taire,*” with the assurance of strict silence.

In half an hour a shabby ill-looking dog of a surgeon made his appearance.

His coat was of a brown rough, and striped beaver cloth ; a red plush waistcoat ; a tie wig, with more powder and pomatum in it than hair ; and a coloured silk handkerchief round his neck.

His

His appearance, 'tis true, amounted to no great extent of practice; but his confidential frankness and decent civility soon settled him in the Doctor's good opinion.

After having assured him that his experience in sword and gun-shot wounds were acquired against the English in the last German war, and almost a daily practice in the streets of Paris — from French soldiers, on the slightest difference, trying their skill in a fencing bout — young students of the law, who could seldom maintain an argument on jurisprudence, without the assistance of the sword — and an everlasting practice of the Paris *petit maitres* involved in quarrels concerning the superior excellence of opera singers and dancers, and the charms of their mistresses.

After this whimsical introduction of his merits, the Doctor suffered his wounds to be examined by him.

“ Sir,” says he, “ two more dressings  
“ will enable you to call out the scoun-

“ drel who invited Mr. l’Apothecaire and  
“ Monsieur le Medecin.

“ *Manges bien, Monsieur, et goutes le meil-*  
“ *leur vin de Paris.*”

The Doctor was convinced he spoke the truth.

“ And why are you so poor ?” was the question.

“ Because shaving and drawing of teeth  
“ are now out of fashion among the fa-  
“ culty. The wretched beggar has my  
“ plasters for the love of God — and those  
“ surgeons who live by making dupes of  
“ rich strangers, and our fools of fashion,  
“ who never scruple to pay well for great  
“ fufs and great parade, are now too rich  
“ to shew any humanity in their practice.”

The affair was soon settled, and we had all our anxiety removed on the score of the Doctor.

But judge of our astonishment — a tap  
was

was heard at the door—and, on our leave of admittance, who should enter but the first surgeon whom we had employed.

“ *Ab, ab, maraud—c’est vous donc* (his first salutation) *peste !* ”

“ Monsieur Jacob, you had better retire before you oblige me to treat you with incivility,” replied our operator.

“ *Monsieur Corneille, vous êtes un trompeur, et un ficheu charletan.* ”

Corneille at this indignity rushed upon the little prig of a surgeon, and, seizing him by the collar and waistband of his breeches, held him up sprawling, kicking, and scratching in the air, and actually threw him down the stairs to the first landing place from our apartment.

The cries of Monsieur Jacob, who laid on the ground grinning and threatening Corneille with future vengeance, brought out a considerable numbers of lodgers,

while Corneille, standing over him, was threatening him with instant destruction for daring to enter the room, with an intent to interrupt him in his practice — for which offence, he said, notwithstanding his broken limbs and battered sides, he would move the law against him.

Corneille now accused him of every crime which he could possibly invent to render his triumph more complete — And after having harangued the lookers on with a tolerable well-placed declamation on his villany in exaggerating the state of Doctor Philpot's wounds, and introducing apothecary and physician for the prick of a pin, which he filed it, said, to back his assertions, he would shew the Doctor's wounds before all the faculty in Paris.

Jacob's practice, he averred, was only famous for cutting of *fistula in ano*; and he assured the by-standers, that he derived his only consequence from his attendance on a lady of rank for his secret operations of this nature, which gained him her protection,



rection, and which was the only safeguard, for his presumption.

Corneille was now entering into a most elaborate definition of the peculiarity of Jacob's merits in cutting for a fistula, which he recited with so much point and humour that wrath now made the prostrate surgeon recover the use of his limbs, and he was rushing on Corneille with redoubled vengeance. The consequence was, Corneille gave him a violent slap on his face, and, seizing him by the collar, once more was in the act of hoisting him over the balustrade—but my interposing hand rescued Jacob from his impending destruction.

Monsieur Jacob was now rejoiced to find himself liberated from his gripe; and having pronounced the most imposing denunciations of his vengeance, assured Corneille, that he would not fail to try his courage at the point of his sword.

“At the point of your lancet,” says the other, who spit at him all the time he was descending the staircase.

Strange

Strange rancour of the professional ranks of Parisians ! It can only be reconciled by this remark :

Things in that country are so different to ours.

THE

## THE PURSUIT MEDITATED.

**M**Y friend Samuel was now, equally with myself, intent on the pursuit of Mrs. Gordon and Fanny.

If they had fled to England, (a thing impossible, in our opinion, foreseeing the short distance which Fitz-Morris was from them) they would then, perhaps, be secure from any violent disaster on his side.

But if overtaken in France, we had every reason to dread an impending danger from the difference of its laws and customs—at all events, there were only two resolutions to be adopted—expedition, and a determined rescue. For the courage of Samuel, I could answer by this most striking and exemplary proof.

Philpot saw the necessity of our immediate

diate interference—himself also determined to set off, his wounds, by the assurance of the surgeon, Corneille, being of no consequence to impede him.

To lose no time, we dispatched intelligent and well-affected people to every *bureau* in Paris, where we could be informed of the arrival of Mrs. Gordon, Fanny, and Fitz-Morris.

Answers were soon brought us, that no such persons, from the description we had given, were arrived; and we had the strongest reason for believing they must have departed for England.

Under this suggestion, doubtless, we wanted no spur to set off immediately on our pursuit.

Our carriage was now at the door with that celerity which our impatience excited, and in a very short interval of time we found ourselves at the posthouse at Chantilly.

There

There we had an opportunity of describing to the postmaster the persons of the fugitives; and having received the most convincing proofs they had not returned that route, we made the best of our way after their track.

At Amiens we had the joyful news of a singular event which had retarded Fitz-Morris in his career, and which had, doubtless, effectually covered the escape of Mrs. Gordon and Fanny.

The ladies having arrived at this town, they had scarcely entered the house which they stopped at when they noted Fitz-Morris's arrival.

Being in a room which fronted the street, Mrs. Gordon observed two officers in the French service of her acquaintance, and made a signal for them to enter her apartment, where, reciting to them their alarming situation, they readily and gallantly resolved to be their protectors.

Having stole up unperceived by the people

ple of the house, Fitz-Morris rushed into the room ; but, to his surprise and mortification, he found himself instantly seized by the two officers, who contrived to bind him arms and legs till such time as the ladies had made good their retreat ; nor was he released till such times he was visited by the governor of the town, who, having approved of the officers' conduct, insisted on his giving his word and honour, under pain of imprisonment, to desist from his premeditated outrage.

Thus Mrs. Gordon and Fanny had, doubtless, secured their escape to England, while Fitz-Morris was not liberated till the ladies were judged perfectly safe from his pursuit, when it was conjectured he had departed from Amiens on his way to England.

This intelligence having, in a great degree, calmed our inquietude, we were resolved on sleeping the night in the town, especially as the Doctor complained of fatigue, and as our plan did not require  
the



the unremitting expedition we first set out upon.

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Having found a companion and fellow actor in this dramatic part of my life, and one whose generous nature had been so nobly and so unexpectedly established in my preservation against the desperate assassins in the streets of Paris—a youth of such a promising aspect—the twin-brother of Fanny—the companion of my infant days—now starting into action under such an extraordinary feature, naturally awakened my interest.

This remarkable incident demanded my scrutiny — it appeared mysterious — and when I attempted to confront my engagements with the peculiar history of this youth, enlisted under the whimsical banner of Philpot's protection, I confess I was totally at a loss to solve the apparent enigma.

There was a manlike firmness in the  
tone,

tone, the spirit, the sentiment of his conversation. The pliancy of raw inexperience was not his present complection. With natural genius for science and knowledge, he was observative, and critically discriminative; frank, yet docile and diffident; he would argue without arrogance, but settled and firm in his opinion, which he backed by good rhetoric and well-adjusted figure.

The more we were together, the more my astonishment increased, and I could behold this son of my father's tenant with the respectful eye of an equal and an intimate.

Pains, and great pains too, had been bestowed on his training—the friend could be only Doctor Philpot—a mysterious silence also prevailed in him whenever I touched on his sister—no comment—no replication—I was left my own counsellor.

And with Doctor Philpot the same—my own heart was my only monitor.

Painful

Painful reflections had taken possession of me, and racked my imagination with excruciating agony.

My curiosity was engaged on the history of Fanny's Parisian expedition.

The importance of rank in life I found had evidently circulated in my constitution ; it was engrafted in my nature.

I had considered this daughter of my father's tenant as subordinate to my caprice. I had evidently portrayed her in the character of a dependant—the victim of my sovereign will.

To be emancipated from her dependance was a thought which rebelled against my pride.

By a struggle of virtue, in renouncing her claims on my constancy, or first engagements, might claim my respect—but to play off the coquette—to adopt artifice in her amours—to violate every sacred and noble principle of the heart by a sophistical argumen-

argument on the versatility of my passion—to affect a greatness of soul only for the sake of covering her intrigues with more secrecy—roused in my soul a firm spirit of reproach, and I was determined to confront her perfidy, to be confirmed in my suspicions on the nature of her conduct.

But my heart displayed a wound of a more dangerous tendency—Revenge might heal, were no great impression had been made.

A formidable rival had now erected the native nymph of my choice to the Queen of beauty.

This goddess of the antients received an universal homage, only because her charms were indisputable.

Fanny had captives in her train.

My pride was heated, and I was resolved to conquer or perish.

The

The morning after our arrival at Amiens we entered our carriage in tolerable spirits, with the thoughts of surprising our friends in England with our expeditious return; and though in our pursuit there was a latent principle of worldly anxiety, we were travelling onward with some degree of cheerfulness

The odd, the strange coincidence of things which had jumbled together, and produced Samuel Underwood as our champion and defender — laying us under unpayable obligations to him — his wonderful transition from oblivion to notice — our narrow escape from the hands of murderers.

The escape of Fanny and Mrs. Gordon.

Philpot said we had cause for rejoicing — and our thankfulness to Providence could not be better manifested than by exhilarating our spirits with some test of conviviality.

The Doctor had composed the following song, which he had set to an old tune,  
and

and we were singing it when our carriage  
was entering Abbeville.

The gay Frenchman pert,  
And Englishman glum—  
A whimsical contrast for laughter—  
John sighs all for love,  
With face quite hum-drum,  
And ties himself up in a halter.

But see light Monsieur  
Court Mamselle coquette,  
Sing, caper, and bid her defiance ;  
The charms in her face,  
Will not make him fret,  
In beauty he'll place no reliance.

But John's honest heart  
Is broke with despair,  
When Susan or Moll are not willing ;  
A frown is enough  
To load him with care,  
And lay him as flat as a shilling.

Pleased



Pleased with the Doctor's cheerfulness, I had regained somewhat of my former state of mind, when I observed a passenger arrive on post horses.

He alighted at the house we were to stop at, and, at the instant as our carriage drove up, I recognised the face of George Cornwall.

Perhaps there may be a kind of sympathy in our nature, when the soul has been deeply affected with past images—May we not pre-conceive an approaching evil?

His figure awakened in me a sentiment of concern for the situation of his sister. The present business I was engaged upon having interested my mind to see the completion of it, I had discarded every other thought which might harrow up all extraneous reflection—but in the groupe the sympathising pang for the beautiful Amelia was not discarded, though for a time suppressed.

Her brother now presented her person to my mind—an aboding thought flashed across me—there was a reparation of wrong, perhaps, to be made—an atonement which, though coloured by the speciousness of worldly pretext, in my own heart carried with it no positive condemnation.

My eyes were fixed upon him—he recognised me in return.

His countenance changed—naturally florid, an horrid contrast instantly took place.

He approached.

“Heavens, what an extraordinary  
 “meeting!—I have left England to seek the  
 “man whose ill-fated conduct has changed  
 “his dearest friend to his direst enemy.  
 “I have a sense of injury in my breast  
 “which your perfidious conduct has ex-  
 “cited. We cannot decide an affair of  
 “this interesting nature in a better place  
 “than this.”

In

In answer.

“ I am prepared—Alledge your charges  
 “ —Deny me not the privilege of self-  
 “ defence — if not in the power of inno-  
 “ cence and justice to avert the desperate  
 “ hand of my enemy, I will not screen  
 “ my body from his resentment.”

His reply.

“ A villain will attack innocence and  
 “ justice—the brave man punishes infamy.  
 “ I am no affassin, Sir — I will hear your  
 “ defence.”

We now retired — He resumed.

“ Mr. Hales, I have left the room of a  
 “ dying sister — She is an angel of meek-  
 “ nefs — resentment does not torment her  
 “ bosom with the scorpion pang of frater-  
 “ nal revenge—pure and submissive, like  
 “ a lamb at the altar, she prostrates herself  
 “ before the merciless hand which stabs  
 “ her to the heart. She dies, and forgives  
 “ —not so the spirit of her brother.

“ The natural softness of the sex will  
 “ render them tributary to ours, and that  
 “ passion, which can lift them to the very  
 “ summit of celestial bliss, will dash them  
 “ to the earth in all the torment of mental  
 “ agony.

“ Neglect is the canker worm of a deli-  
 “ cate soul. What reparation can that  
 “ man make to a wretched family, when  
 “ the child of its too-partial regard is  
 “ wrested from them by wanton seduc-  
 “ tion”——

“ Seduction !” I cried.

He continued.

“ I repeat the word *seduction* — Too  
 “ despicable discrimination ! — The mind  
 “ seduced, barter no proportionate ma-  
 “ lady to corporeal injury. Sir, I will un-  
 “ load my swelling heart — Away with  
 “ your menacing looks ; they awe me not.  
 “ If you have truly a noble heart, bear  
 “ with my infirmity till our weapons meet,  
 “ and

“ and then vaunt your courage for the ex-  
 “ piation of the insult.

“ A dying sister repeats the name of  
 “ Edward Hales, and in the measure of  
 “ her affection — parental and fraternal  
 “ claims are vanished—She is lost, and her  
 “ perfidious betrayer goes abroad in the  
 “ world unpunished.”

To reply might argue the consciousness  
 of imputed injury.

Friendship had impelled me to the house  
 of my inmate and school-fellow — brother  
 student — I there beheld his lovely sister —  
 Insensible of the influence of the sex, my  
 heart was betrayed before I was conscious  
 of injustice — ’twas an incident of life  
 which could not be proved as an associate  
 with premeditated *injury*.

But what extenuation could avert his  
 spirit of revenge? ’Tis true I was culpa-  
 ble more by the sad influence of my bad  
 fortune, than by design. Drawn into the  
 flattering vortex of beauty and female soft-

ness, I felt a pride in the preference of Amelia—but I had no virtue to retire from the power of that magic which held me a passive slave to voluptuous conception—herein my transgression—I felt a crimination at the moment which would have stamped a falsity on all the rhetoric I was master of. Sternly did I fix my eye upon him.

“ You shall wreak your revenge, George;  
 “ I will not palliate my conduct with your  
 “ sister—I can only lament the singular  
 “ misfortune of my life which has involved  
 “ me in this terrible conflict.”

I now turned myself towards my friend Samuel—“ Will you have the goodness to  
 “ hear the proposition of that gentleman?”

But what my astonishment! Samuel hesitated—I well discerned a look of repugnance, marked with a mental scrutiny.

Doctor Philpot now came forward, and addressed Cornwall :

“ The



“ The resolute scheme, Sir, you are em-  
 “ barked upon will reflect no honour on  
 “ the generous impulse of youth. If you  
 “ well consider the motive of your heart,  
 “ you cannot so much accuse Mr. Hales  
 “ of injustice, as of being the innocent  
 “ cause of the distress which prevails in  
 “ your family. Are you acquainted, Sir,  
 “ with the force of that self condemnation  
 “ which has already agitated your once-  
 “ sworn bosom friend? Perhaps he has  
 “ made an expiation of a more exemplary  
 “ nature than that of pouring out his blood  
 “ to glut the revenge of his enemy.

“ Are you acquainted, Sir, with the  
 “ high sentiments of honour which have  
 “ been his accuser? — Death, Sir, is no  
 “ punishment to the mind of a virtuous  
 “ man. By whatever motive you are in-  
 “ fluenced to wring the heart of a gene-  
 “ rous youth with torture, know neither  
 “ your courage nor conduct can receive a  
 “ fair renown, by laying low at your feet  
 “ the man who, perhaps, is now receiving  
 “ the blessing and prayers of your amiable  
 “ sister. Is she acquainted, Sir, with the  
 L 4 “ vindic-

“ vindictive spirit that animates your hand  
 “ to plunge the steel into his breast? Has  
 “ not his fate deprived him of making  
 “ reparation for these unfortunate evils?  
 “ Were you not acquainted with his early  
 “ attachment—the secret spring which go-  
 “ verned his propositions? Where rested  
 “ that vigilant and generous friendship  
 “ which should have snatched him from  
 “ the precipice? Where was your timely  
 “ counsel to your sister, to your friend?  
 “ Desist, Sir—return with the healing balm  
 “ of brotherly consolation—administer the  
 “ gentle office of patient mitigation, and  
 “ leave vengeance for him who is the  
 “ ablest judge of man’s iniquity.

“ What! will you fly to her with your  
 “ hands embrued in the blood of your  
 “ bosom friend, to receive her dying em-  
 “ braces? Will she rejoice in the sa-  
 “ crifice? or will the deed add consola-  
 “ tion to her departing spirit? Horror,  
 “ Sir, will afflict her sensible soul, and her  
 “ shade will revive perturbed from her  
 “ tomb. Has Mr. Hales been accessory  
 “ to the anguish of so fair a lady? Let Pro-  
 “ vidence

“ vidence punish when his awful retribu-  
“ tion is best signalised.”

George Cornwall replied :

“ Sir, I respect this inward monitor—  
“ ’Tis implanted here (fixing his hand  
“ upon his heart) for purposes best known  
“ to more superior wisdom — Why this  
“ pang, this sense of injury ? — Why am I  
“ thus so stubborn in my determined pur-  
“ pose ? — By heavens he shall answer for it  
“ — Most abused Amelia — dear fainted  
“ maid — he shall feel the power of my re-  
“ venge. I had not patience to see the  
“ last pure gasp of breath depart her body  
“ — her murderer fled — I sealed the vow,  
“ self-ratified in my heart — the appeal  
“ most solemn — nothing can avert me —  
“ I was resolved to follow him — I have  
“ sworn it, Sir.”

“ Rash man,” resumed the Doctor.  
“ This heat is frenzy. A mild rebuke it  
“ merits not—it argues equal frenzy to  
“ oppose so much intemperate resentment.

“ Mr. Hales is under my protection—on  
 “ your peril, Sir”——

CORNWALL. “ Your feeble trembling  
 “ priesthood I despise. Under that garb  
 “ of moderation lurks many ignoble pal-  
 “ liatives. Age has its sophistry to con-  
 “ found the timid inexperience of youth.  
 “ Well versed in declamation, it can dress  
 “ out syllogism to captivate, and hypocrisy  
 “ to ensnare—portray virtue with the hand  
 “ of vice, and convert the demon of  
 “ crimes into the semblance of angel sanc-  
 “ tity. Your favourite receives this grave  
 “ and venerable sanction — your enemy,  
 “ Sir, must expect your reproach. Stand  
 “ back, proud pastor.”

He now drew forth his pistols.

He presented one to me.

I took it from his hands.

He insisted on Philpot and Samuel mov-  
 ing from the line of our fire ; and directing  
 himself to me, pressed me to fire first.

This proposition I obstinately refused, and urged him as vehemently to take his revenge.

“Coward,” he exclaimed; “you are afraid of my resentment—then take my vengeance.”

At this instant he fired his pistol, and I staggered into the arms of Philpot.

Seeing I refused to return his fire, he rushed upon me with an intent to wrest the instrument from my hand; but he was prevented by Samuel, who got it from him, and discharged it on the ceiling.

Cornwall had now glutted his revenge—The ball had entered my breast slanting upwards a little below the clavicle. Philpot took me in his arms, and placed me gently in a chair. Assistance was soon at hand. The noise of fire arms brought guests into the room. My blood streamed on the floor, I had fainted once before the surgeon arrived. Cornwall was at intervals frantic—he had meditated his own death

on the destruction of his friend. The pistol was aimed at my heart, and it had nearly performed its office. His vengeance ample, remorse began to wring his soul with contrition. Never, no, never seemed death more grateful to a mortal involved in misery. I was submitting to my fate with calm acquiescence. On the arrival of the surgeon I was conducted to a bed, and laid upon it. Cornwall rushed into the room—the conflicting sentiments which had raged in his breast were now at once subsided.

“ Alas !” says he, “ my once noble and  
 “ generous friend — Edward, ere you de-  
 “ part, look forgiveness upon a wretch,  
 “ more tenfold miserable than words can  
 “ figure misery. This deed I had vowed  
 “ as the last obdurate action of my life—  
 “ myself to follow thee. Ah ! didst thou  
 “ know the fatal result of your intercourse  
 “ in our family. My father, Edward !—  
 “ The curse of party urged this detested  
 “ deed. I lothe myself—lothe all the  
 “ world—He could not brook the downfal  
 “ of his independance — Why should I  
 “ live



“ live to bear the horror of remorse? —  
 “ My sister was made subservient to his  
 “ fatal necessities — He was flattered with  
 “ your partiality — Amelia was betrayed  
 “ into an unextinguished affection — You  
 “ admired ; and my aunt, waiting with an  
 “ ungovernable impatience the declaration  
 “ of your passion, thought the timidity of  
 “ youth wanted a fair opportunity which  
 “ my sister’s delicacy refused. Art has  
 “ confounded the honourable claims of  
 “ my father on the unfortunate impression  
 “ which you made on my sister. His  
 “ hopes were blasted, and misery and ruin  
 “ are now heaped on our heads. The  
 “ dying Amelia—O piteous spectacle! —  
 “ a distracted father — the son nursed in  
 “ expectation — the fair prospect of ample  
 “ inheritance—the broad world to seek.

“ Despair seized on my brain—’twas the  
 “ moment of frenzy? Edward Hales I  
 “ considered as the cause of all my misery.  
 “ —perhaps I have erred — contrition too  
 “ late may have sobered my heated fancy—  
 “ Your pardon, Edward! — impute my  
 “ crime

“ crime to the fiend which stirred my soul  
 “ to this deed of horror.”

I stretched my hand to him—I could not speak—he retired with both his hands on his head—I moved to Philpot to follow him.

The surgeon, from the great effusion of blood, did not extract the ball before the ensuing morning. He then pronounced my wound not mortal. George Cornwall had remained in the house in the face of the most eminent danger of French police. He had declared that he would not leave me till he was certain of the state of my wound. If I died under it, he was resolved either to deliver himself up to the course of justice, or to expiate his crime by a violence committed on his own person.

Doctor Philpot’s argument to him had restored his mind to some calm, and his anxiety was now shewn, by every solicitous endeavour, to communicate all the assistance in his power for my recovery.

It

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It was a just saying of him who broached this truth to the world, that time can only be estimated by the rapidity of human events, and that the man lives longest who passes through the quickest succession of action in the less possible given time. It is thus with history, or any kind of written recital. But though this rapidity of motion may delight and flatter our love of vanity, we must at intervals, like the traveller, halt and recruit our spirits on the journey with some seasonable and wholesome abstract. The soul must be fed as well as delighted.

What are not the histories which cannot be abridged to chronicle report, and the reader stored with a multiplicity of events in a nut shell? This will satisfy the avidity of our nature for the rapid acquirement of fact; but we shall soon be desirous of obtaining the spring and motive of human actions. It is then on the abstract that we must pause, and upon which we must recruit our exhausted spirits, too much dilated on the continual pursuit of novelty.

## SELF EXAMINATION.

ON the third day my wound shewed the most flattering signs of a speedy cure. George Cornwall was elated—his heart expanded. He became the object of our greatest commiseration.

I had passed in review some of the past actions of my life. My mind, from the dangers I had escaped, had gained a repose which it had never before experienced, and which, perhaps, was increased by the reduced state of my body. The mazy scenes of youth had bewildered my fancy, and I found myself spurred on to action without knowing the boundary of my wishes. I now with tranquillity adverted to their spring, took counsel of my heart, and summoned up all the vigour of reason which my youth was capable of.

My

My conscience accused me of indulging a deceitful attachment to Amelia. I had proceeded too great lengths without the desire of scrutinizing that impulse which had led me to the admiration of her person. My self-accusation was redoubled with reflecting on the dangerous state of her health. I considered myself as the undoubted cause, nor could I arraign that hand with injustice which had laid me on this bed of sickness. The letter, which it was too visible the aunt had contrived to ascertain the honour of my motives in my sedulous endeavours to please her niece, conveyed to my mind a full conviction of the equity of her measure, though, perhaps, I reprobated the artifice of her conduct — nor was the anxious wishes of the father to hasten or to see the match completed, animadverted on with that hasty displeasure as I had at first considered.

To see his daughter well and richly connected was a natural and a prudent measure; and though his son George, my bosom friend, had been well acquainted with my juvenile, or, perhaps, more properly expressed,

expressed, infant engagement with Fanny Underwood, he might with equal propriety have been flattered with my partial regard for his sister, and, from a matter of friendly delicacy, have forbore to animadvert on my change of affection. His natural vanity, too, might have inclined him to view the superior pretensions of his sister over a young woman unadorned with refined accomplishments, and thus have extenuated the culpability of my conduct in the preference I had given her.

A debate of another nature was now passing within me. I had directed another question to my heart.

What was the measure I was about to adopt respecting Fanny? I had traced her thus far in her flight—but in what was my interest placed? where my view? and what the prospect to be derived from it?

Great God of justice! I exclaimed; how the indiscretions, perhaps crimes, of some men may, by the shrewd eye of mental



tal scrutiny, be proved to challenge their own punishment in this world !

Another reflection shot across me, to convince me of the penal judgement inflicted on the violation of our natural vows.

Did not my heart, impressed with the magic power of a fair face and pure innocence, proclaim the child of my foster nurse the elect of my desires ? Was not eternal attachment sworn by the sacred impulse of natural passion ? and should not the rupture of this solemn tie be chastised by its consequences ?

I bowed to the equity of this decision ; and my retrospecting discernment tracing, with unreserved rigour, the enchainment of my actions to their original source, heaped confusion and condemnation upon me.

Was not my pride alarmed in the contract with Fanny ? Did not the prejudices of the world avert this natural propensity ? Did not my admiration of Amelia originate from self-love, coveting the preference  
of

of this young lady to the attention of other young men of figure and fortune, who might have been, had their rival been removed, made happy by her sanction? She saw I admired — she flattered, nay, favoured my wishes—a reciprocal tenderness had passed, and before I had maturely weighed the awful consequence of engaging her affections, did I not find them riveted to my destiny?

Alas! was not Amelia Cornwall stretched on her death bed, and her murderer left to mourn in anguish the deed he had committed, without the power of atonement? Could I then question the divine justice which had raised the hand of her noble-spirited brother to avenge her injury, and to convict me with the awful condemnation of my own heart as the cause of his family calamity?

And were I to turn my thoughts on Fanny, what a pang of misery was prepared to harrow up despair! To shake off the hovering image of a neglected, betrayed lady, the mirror of beauty, of angel softness,

softness, what hope could illumine my dejected, desponding heart, that peace could ever be restored to it, sensible of the weight of its transgression? And where the strength of my constitution to dispel the surrounding gloom? Was there not calamity still watching over me with unremitting guard, to dress out another scene of tragedy? Would Fanny listen to renewed solicitation, to the renewal of a neglected vow, and find that renewal framed on a deed of this enormity? If the sentiments she had penned were the genial offspring of her fixed resolution — of unshaken virtue——

Where my consolation here? Could she not be shaken by my perseverance, by the soothing tongue of renewed addresses? The pliant heart of woman would, perhaps, turn again to its favourite object. The votary of true love would not be swayed by the adventitious evils which long absence might have naturally created. Here was my repose——

But what repose! —— Were not my  
hopes

hopes reclined on a slender reed, which the slightest blast of fortune could snap asunder ?

Again the pang spread increasing gloom.

If Fanny could unbend, and her heart recover its former tenderness, would not her well-educated mind be still inflexible ? Could that sentiment, which marked the polish of a virtuous woman, be apostate to her conduct ? — Doubtful balance of my meditation !

If they were the genuine offspring of a refined and natural delicate soul, how must they be fortified when she found I had been the monster of fickle passion in the cause of the injured Amelia ! — Distressing, piteous thought !

Wherever my fancy rolled, the scene darkened upon me. But her motives, swayed by caprice, perhaps, I could accuse her in return.

Ah ! — Montauban — Fitz-Morris — and  
under

under the tuition of Mrs. Gordon too—  
 Conjecture found its scope—conjecture  
 could raise up an hydra of conviction.  
 And were she detected! My proud soul  
 must crush the tender intercourse for ever.

Could I bring infidelity to the account—  
 Death sooner might be welcomed.

The sex for ever lost—accursed—the re-  
 taliation would only involve me in deeper  
 misery, and the shaft of revenge turn ulti-  
 mately on my own breast.

Scarce were these reflections subsided  
 when Philpot entered the room, and in-  
 formed me of the disappearance of Samuel  
 —he had ordered horses, and was by day-  
 break posting on his road to England.  
 This event caused me much anxiety. I  
 was apprehensive that the affair with Corn-  
 wall had given him cause for alarm, and  
 that before he could be undeceived in my  
 resolution to recover my forfeited claims  
 on his sister, he was, perhaps, retired with  
 disgust, and disposed to find her out for the  
 purpose

purpose of satisfying her mind in her resentment.

Philpot had, in his correspondence with him, assured him of my resolutions to marry his sister, and had in consequence trained him up to every suitable accomplishment to render him on an equality with the connection—he had thus received many rigid lessons of honour; and the epistolary correspondence of Philpot had repeatedly endeavoured to instil into him the firm principles of a manlike and liberal conduct. His natural good understanding had readily comprehended the precept, and I found, by his behaviour and conversation, that his knowledge of the world and gentleman-like ideas made him competent to scan and survey the rectitude of my conduct with his sister.

We had reason to entertain these sentiments from the sudden change I had marked in him when I wished him to be my second against George Cornwall. To my proposition he hesitated—his absence thus indicated a revolution in his thoughts,  
and



and confirmed us in a suspicion that he had meditated a desperate adventure.

The situation of Fanny at Paris was well known to him ; he had corresponded with her, and was well acquainted with her peculiar situation — the recent good fortune which she had experienced from Mrs. Gordon — but every other incident which related to her resolutions on my account had been, from motives of delicacy, withheld from him ; nor was he instructed in my partiality with Amelia Cornwall before the desperate and public method which her brother George had taken to make it known. Our fears were thus not a little heightened ; and, considering the probability of his meeting with Fanny, who had, no doubt, notwithstanding my flight of passion, regard at the bottom of her heart, he might relate the melancholy situation in which he had left me at Amiens, and incite her feeling to a great degree of distress : and if the report was spread in the neighbourhood of the Cornwalls, Amelia, who might be still alive, would feel the

snock, and her dissolution be inevitably hastened by it.

These anxious thoughts filled my breast with torture—the doubtful state of Fanny—the possibility of her being discovered by Fitz-Morris—and, to add to the measure of my distress, we had notice of Montauban having passed through the town in his route to England. He had changed horses at the posthouse; but as he did not get out of his carriage, he was not recognised—and it was only through curiosity of enquiry after his departure that his name was known.

What a stream of oppression did not my soul experience on the scene which I was reserved to see the conclusion of—to be kept prisoner under it—the impossibility of prosecuting my journey for several days—an age to a mind so stored with images playing before me in all the alarming colours of complicated evil without the power of redress. Affliction almost dried my brain to frenzy.

Doctor

Doctor Philpot had noted this agony; and as in the dejected moments of our lives, we acquire more true comfort from the sympathising heart of a friend than from all the sophistry of elocution which can be uttered to chase away our griefs — I found Philpot had approached my bed, and, placing his hand on mine, he thus addressed me :

“ Edward,” says he, “ a considerable  
 “ portion of unhappiness seems to have  
 “ marked your outset in life — this affectionate attachment of the too-sensible  
 “ Amelia will oppress the natural tenderness of your nature. Your surprisal into  
 “ the engagement will cause you many  
 “ moments of sorrow. Your triumph has  
 “ been noble, but, I fear, will be followed  
 “ with affliction.

“ When we act fully up to the admonitions of conscience, all the rest must be  
 “ left to fate, and our manhood then must  
 “ support us in the conflict. Had you been  
 “ apprised of any irregular conduct by  
 “ your visits in that family, you might have

“ receded before the danger had been col-  
 “ lected against you. I have acquitted  
 “ you, in my own mind, of wilful miscon-  
 “ duct, and I would have you, therefore,  
 “ not lay the consequences too seriously to  
 “ your own heart. Amelia was, from her  
 “ nature, delicate, and extremely suscep-  
 “ tible. In these extremes of sensibility  
 “ the constitution must trespass beyond the  
 “ justifiable rules of female conduct, and  
 “ a young man may be made a martyr to  
 “ the troubles of his conscience before he  
 “ has time to consider of his offences.

“ More circumstances conspire to render  
 “ the Cornwall family true objects of our  
 “ sympathy. The father has a heart too  
 “ proud to accept of favours from the mi-  
 “ nister, and equally callous to the inter-  
 “ cessions of his son, George, to get him  
 “ an appointment under government. He  
 “ may justly be said to have ruined his fa-  
 “ mily by an over-heated zeal for parli-  
 “ amentary business.—sacrificed all those  
 “ ties which are sanctioned by nature to  
 “ the idle shrine of public glory. This  
 “ reflection has reminded me of the poet,  
 “ though,

“ though, perhaps, the couplet had been  
 “ written to apply to another sense in moral  
 “ ethics :

“ Painful pre-eminence—thyself to view,  
 “ Above life’s weakness, and its comforts too.

“ Cornwall had strained all his genius  
 “ to proclaim his talents to the world as  
 “ orator and statesman. This visionary  
 “ pageant was supported at an enormous  
 “ expence. The patriot must be upheld  
 “ by independance, and he now finds it  
 “ was too late to chace the phantom, when  
 “ his fortune was inevitably ruined.

“ The poet’s couplet, I am afraid, must  
 “ now be altered thus to agree with the  
 “ present state of my ruined friend :

“ Painful *depression*—thyself to view,  
 “ Below life’s  *blessings*, and its comforts too.

“ I have said the pride of his heart will  
 “ not allow him to ask a favour from the  
 “ minister—but you should well under-  
 “ stand me, when I mean to apply this  
 “ kind of pride to the rectitude of his po-  
 “ pular

“ pular conduct in the senate. It would  
 “ surely look degrading and cowardly in  
 “ the extreme for a man, who had been  
 “ steering between the virulence of both  
 “ parties with manlike independance all  
 “ his life, to receive a benefaction from  
 “ that party which he had alternately ac-  
 “ cused and applauded. He is, in short,  
 “ my dear Edward, the melancholy ex-  
 “ ample of a man who has been led away  
 “ all his life by misguided zeal, and the  
 “ barren sound of popularity.”

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We had written to Paris from Amiens  
 to have our letters returned. The post  
 brought me one from my father.

I found that my mother had cooled in  
 her friendship for Lady Jekyll. The great  
 comet of extravagance, her son, was pointed  
 at by the finger of contempt. His phaeton  
 the highest—his pursuits the most expensive  
 of town folly—and the lady, on whom he  
 was offering all this incense of levity, had  
 found



found more occasions than one to mention his name with disgust to several of her former gallants. In this contemptible conduct of young Jekyll all my mother's hopes were lost in the favourite scheme she had proposed of her daughter's alliance in the family ; and, with the defeat of these hopes, a great portion of her ambition had subsided. Lady Dorothy Murray, since my absence, had withdrawn her visits, and had contrived, by the propagation of her reports against Sir Simon, at once to shew her vanity and anger. The history of my connection with Fanny had been propagated in the circle of our acquaintance, and my mother had frequent occasions to assert her own dignity, and suppress her natural pride, by exerting her spirit to repel the intruding calumny.

When the mind is incited to revenge an affront, it will oftentimes sink its own displeasure in the measure of its resentment—and this seems to have been the case with Lady Hales. Her aunt, Lady Dorothy, had taken no inconsiderable pains to render my degrading attachment, as she called it,

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public ;

public ; and, from her own mortifying fallies, she had roused the indignation of my mother, who seemed disposed to confront the rumour of our acquaintance with her own personal sanction of the intercourse.

When an object is found out which creates pain, and which object is deemed reprehensible in the eyes of the world, sarcasm and a strained detraction is levelled against it to render the party more obstinate in the cause : for it is self-evident, that the most bitter of these pretended declaimers entertain, in reality, no serious abhorrence at the conduct of their neighbours, when the slightest revolution can efface from their minds.

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In short, my father's letter seemed to announce that my mother had relaxed from her rigid disapprobation of my attachment to Fanny, especially as her views had been circumvented with the Jekylls.